The Christian Union

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The Outlook.

The American people have almost every conceivable motive to stimulate them to the endeavor of making the International Exhibition of 1876 the greatest and most perfect exposition of the kind ever held. In the memorable World's Fairs of London and Paris, we were but crudely and inadequately represented; while at Vienna we have exhibited little else than the folly and corruption of our Civil Service. A sense of national humiliation, therefore, and a wholesome desire to show our ability to do something better, may well goad us into determined action. Moreover, the year set apart for the exhibition is one upon which the grandest and most thrilling associations will converge. Let us have a universal awakening of the old national spirit. So far we cannot discern one blemish in the proceedings of the Commission who have this great work in charge; while Philadelphia and the entire State of Pennsylvania are acting with a liberality, a dignity, and a delicate cordiality which must awaken, in return, a most fraternal response from the whole brotherhood of States.

It has long been the habit of cultivated men in this country to speak of it as a merit, that they had nothing to do with politics. In a country like ours, no citizen, and especially no scholar, has a right to abstain from politics; and he who boasts of such abstinence boasts of his own disgrace. In his fine discourse on this topic which Mr. Whitelaw Reid lately gave at Amherst, he meets the issue squarely by insisting upon "the essential worth, nobility, primacy indeed, of the liberal pursuit of politics. It is simply the highest, the most dignified, the most important of all earthly objects of human study. Next to the relation of man to his Maker, there is nothing so deserving his best attention as his relation to his fellow men." Mr. Reid's analysis of the special duty of the scholar in politics involves four particulars. 1. "We may set it down as, within certain needful and obvious limitations, the very foremost function of the scholar in politics, to oppose the established. 2. His duty is to furnish an intellectual leadership of the Radicals. 3. To resist the tyranny of party and the intolerance of political opinion, and to maintain actual freedom as well as theoretical liberty of thought. 4. To give candid consideration to every question on its individual merits, fairness to antagonists, and a willingness always to hear the other side."

In the history which will yet be written of the great educational movements of our time, we doubt if any page will glow with brighter colors than that which records the foundation of the Anderson School of Natural History. The whole story is a poem. It is an epic composed entirely of nineteenth-century materials—enthusiasm for physical science, the omnipresent efficiency of journalism, and the beneficence of commerce. There is one phase of that wonderful day, July 8, when the school was formally opened, of which we have not elsewhere spoken, and which seems to us to be a fine blending of the heroic, the amusing, and the picturesque. On the day designated, about fifty ladies and gentlemen had arrived on a secluded island, to become students in the Anderson School. Now, the school was not thought of until last February; it was not until May that the plans could be determined on; it was not until June that the building-frames were reared. Imagine the state of things just thirty-eight days later when the scholars arrived to take up their abode there. As one reporter neatly outlined the picture: "The rooms looked new, neat, and inviting, although the window sashes had not arrived." But of this situation, the illustrious Agassiz, instead of dolefully complaining, spoke with a contagious cheerfulness; and he even constructed from it the text for an admirable scientific application. "You will find yourselves on a pic-nic for a couple of days," he says, playfully; "but shortly I hope affairs will be better. But this places you at once in the condition of explorers. Do you think those traveling over unknown countries had a hotel every night, and found their comfort in the kitchen? They had to carry their meats and beds with them, or lie on the ground. We start already on a little better footing than that. These difficulties remind me of some of the conditions under which the best work is done by explorers. I may as well tell you how I spent, in one summer, seventy-two consecutive nights on the bare ice, and at a level of eight thousand feet above the ocean without other covering than the canopy of heaven, and saw a great deal I wish I could show you here. Take it in that spirit, and pardon the discomforts you may experience." After that irresistible appeal, we venture to say that never a murmur of discontent has been heard on Penikese Island.

Cassius M. Clay, in his recent letter to the *Tribune* on Charles Francis Adams's oration in memory of Seward sufficiently indicates that under the thickening snows of old age neither his warmth of heart nor his force of brain is abating. His letter, in fact, has no mean merits as a piece of historical composition; it is clear, decorous and forcible. In its criticisms, moreover, it is philosophical and acute. Like nearly all the Republican veterans, Mr. Clay sternly rejects Mr. Adams's estimate of the preëminence of Seward in comparison with Lincoln. "Mr. Adams may well despair," says the noble Kentuckyan, "of popular support in his attempt to place the laurels of Lincoln upon Seward's brow, or to lower him from that high place where his own countrymen and all mankind have placed him. Lincoln had great men in his cabinet; he was not only master of them all, as Charles A. Dana admits, but he was the master mind. Like Cromwell and Napoleon, he grew in rugged manhood in the world of privacy and experience, and came into great affairs with powers which scholarship and effete rhetoric can never equal. These are the men whose deeds shadow the imagination with divine agency, and whom the philosopher loves to contemplate as the highest evolution of nature's forces, and the most glorious development of the human mind. Lincoln's reticence in regard to his policy till firmly seated in power seems to others than Mr. Adams, not weakness but wisdom; whilst Seward's oft-repeated assertions that there were no dangers ahead proved either that he was himself ignorant of the situation, or that he little understood human nature in his stereotyped false prophecies. Thus vacilliating in the State Department—the declaration of the blockade when the ports should have been closed to foreign entry—his long opposition to emancipation showed Seward 'not equal to the present,' though 'reaching forward into the future' of a long and bloody war, which energy and talent might have brought to a speedy end. Mr. Adams confesses that the popular verdict is against Seward; in our history it has rarely been wrong; here it will stand justified forever."

We have paid Cassius M. Clay the compliment of saying that his criticisms, in the letter referred to, are philosophical and acute. There is one sentence in his letter, however, to which that compliment cannot apply. It is unworthy of Mr. Clay's virile and original understanding that he not only tolerates the imbecile aphorism—*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*—but that he describes it as "a good saying." To us it seems that this hackneyed proverb is one of the most driveling and pernicious sayings that have floated down on the stream of human talk. The circumstance that a person is dead does not in the least degree affect the propriety of speaking ill about him. We should not speak ill of any man—living or dead—unless the ill we speak be likewise true; but that being the case, it is simply impertinent and demoralizing to urge the fact of death as a reason for abstaining from telling the truth. Far wiser is the indignant eloquence with which Edward Freeman, in a late number of the *Fortnightly Review*, repudiates this contemptible maxim. "To the wicked saying, *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, I will never give in. It has no meaning except the falsification of history, and the perversion of the moral sense. The fact that a man is dead cannot make his crimes less or his virtues greater; it cannot be a reason for checking the voice of truth, or for stifling the moral instinct within us. The death of any man is a solemn thing; the peaceful death of a great criminal, the death of Sulla or of Bonaparte, is a specially solemn thing. But his death cannot change the character of the deeds which he did while living. Unless history is to become a record of lies, unless the voice of God within us is to pass unheard, our rule must be, not *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, but *De viventibus et de mortuis nil nisi verum*."

A SONG OF NOON.

BY H. H.

WE do not think of any words;
We do not even long for kisses;
We will not jar our ecstacy
By even sweetest minor blisses,
When we can lie, just for the asking,
In beloved presence basking,
Silent basking,
In simple, subtle presence basking.

Oh, mid-day sky, your vanished birds
Are drinking all the noon's great rapture;
Oh, glowing air, your faintest thrill
Some folded wing will feel and capture;
Each stirless leaf is shading, masking
Some mute, glad, tiny creature basking,
Silent basking,
In simple, subtle presence basking.

Oh, secret greater than Love's words!
Oh, secret greatest of Love's blisses!
Your sacredness no sign betrays;
No noon its vanished songsters misses,
And careless men dream not of asking
If lovers love when they lie basking,
Silent basking,
Simply in each other basking.

MATTHEW ARNOLD'S LITERATURE AND DOGMA.

SECOND PAPER.

WE have already noticed the general characteristics of this volume,* and particularly its judgments of the Hebrew Scriptures, when estimated as literature, by means of criticism as applied by Mr. Arnold, the hierophant and interpreter of the *Zeit Geist*.

Were it our sole or chief design to expose some of the shortcomings and inconsistencies of this volume, we should not need to return to it again. But this essay is more than a caprice or extravaganza of Mr. Arnold or any individual writer. It is significant and representative of a class of opinions and principles which are enforced by the spirit of the times, and which are likely to gain extensive currency, and, as we think, to constitute one of the most formidable of the antichrists of the present, and perhaps of the next generation. It also contains the germs of many important truths; which truths, by excess and perversion, are likely to give countenance and excess to extravagance and error. There are truths that are overlooked by many interpreters, and consequently give currency and plausibility to the extravagant uses to which they are applied.

But before we reach this part of our discussion we must notice how Mr. Arnold disposes of the New Testament when considered as literature, *i. e.*, how he interprets Christ and Christianity by the solvent of criticism. It is not easy to state his view in a few brief propositions. We are not absolutely certain that he would know how to state them himself. Nevertheless, we will attempt thus briefly to express them.

We need not ask, we ought not to ask, says Mr. Arnold, who Jesus was, nor whether he was human or divine, natural or supernatural. Questions of this sort are as of little consequence as the inquiry whether "*the Eternal*," "*the not ourselves*," is or is not a person. As in respect to the last, all that we need to notice is that the not ourselves makes for righteousness. So in respect to Jesus. All with which we have any special concern is the improvement which he wrought in the conception which the Hebrews attained in respect to righteousness. Such questions might be somewhat interesting as matters of speculation, but inasmuch as speculation, as compared with conduct, is as *one* to *six*, we may dismiss them as of no serious moment. Jesus improved upon the Hebrew conception of righteousness in that he gave it inwardness, that is, carried it more entirely and thoroughly into the heart, in that he warmed and fired it with love, and thus made out of what was in danger of being a rigid, an external and a self-righteous morality, a plastic, an inward and a self-sacrificing religion. Jesus also found a doctrine of the Messiah in the Old Testament, which doctrine was the natural outgrowth and

* See *Christian Union* of June 25.

product of the *Aberglaube*, or the self-conceited ideas of the Jews that their nation was the favored people of God, and was appointed to a special destiny. The Messiah, in their view, was to be the chosen deliverer, and the triumphant king of this favored people. Jesus found also mention made of another servant of God, spiritual, suffering, and self-sacrificing, delivered unto death and triumphant by sacrifice—whose kingdom was not to be of this world. No Jew could or did unite these conceptions in one person. Indeed, it is inconceivable that they should have been true of one person, could be logically united even in our ideal personality, inasmuch as the first class of characteristics was the offspring of obvious superstition, and had no root of truth in themselves.

But Jesus, finding this superstitious expectation concerning the temporal Messiah, and this spiritual idealistic servant of God, had the genius to connect the two by giving honor to the last, and by claiming that he fulfilled its characteristics, did, in the true and universal sense, deserve to be accepted as the true Messiah—the rightful king of the spiritual Israel. It is uncritical to suppose that there were any proper prophecies of either the one or the other Messiah, much less of one Messiah as uniting in the single person the incompatible characteristics of the two. Indeed, every one of the alleged predictions of any Messiah whatever turn out to be no predictions at all.

The question, however, will return, leaving aside all questions about the Messiah of the Old Testament, What did Jesus say of himself, whom did he claim that he was? This question is nowhere stated very distinctly, and is never fairly answered by Arnold. He seems rather to avoid stating or answering it squarely, and in this seems singularly unjust to the demands of the subject and of the *Zeit Geist*. This last, if it asks any one question for which it insists upon an answer, persistently asks of all the critics, "What think ye of Christ? Whose son is He?" Once or twice Arnold finds himself so caught by this question that he is forced to answer it, and answers it thus: It is quite certain that Jesus called himself the Son of Man; it is very doubtful whether he calls himself the Son of God; or, if he did, that he attached to the appellation any high significance. But neither the question nor the answer has any special importance. They are subjects of speculative curiosity merely, and have little relation to character and conduct. Besides, if we concern ourselves with such matters, we find that the means for answering such inquiries are scanty and untrustworthy. The records of what Jesus said of himself, to a very large extent, give us not his own sayings, but his own sayings in the words, and after the conceptions of his reporters, who, if they were altogether honest, judged of and reported every saying in their own conceptions and their own language, and both were full of after-thoughts and *Aberglaube*. When we have strained out all admixtures of their superstition and their metaphysics, the sayings that we are sure of are those which relate to Christ's *method* and Christ's *secret*. By Christ's *method* we attain to his type of righteousness. This is the *metanoia*, or the return to a right inward disposition of heart. *The secret* of Christ is the happiness or peace which comes from this *metanoia*. The method and the secret, taken separately, each lead to a one-sided perversion. The union of both gives sweet reasonableness, which is the glory of Christianity.

It is true that in order to accomplish and perfect this sweet reasonableness Christ lays great stress on the duty of coming to himself, but this means only that he called man to himself as the one being who himself exemplified humbleness, meekness and self-sacrifice, but otherwise had no special pre-eminence of person or authority.

As to the records of what Christ did, they are of little importance. This much is certain, that Christ never performed a so-called miracle. Faith in miracles is slowly but surely passing away, because, under the progress and power of the *Zeit Geist*, men are seeing more and more clearly how faith in miracles, in certain credulous and excited generations, is always certain to arise. As to the resurrection, and the disciples' belief of it, it is obvious that there was an afterthought, nothing being more natural than that the believers in such a prophet as he should, in such an age, refuse to believe that he was dead, and then should believe that he was seen after death, and subsequently seen to ascend to heaven. The doctrine of any sacrifice of the Son of God is simply the truth that the servant of God always conquers by dying; the doctrine of *redemption* by his death is, that by enduring to the end he established all his followers in their allegiance to good. The doctrine of resurrection is that Christ's death makes an epoch of victory for his cause.

This being, according to Arnold, the "sincere milk of the word" when carefully separated by criticism, this being "the simplicity of the doctrine of Christ" as distinguished from the *Aberglaube* which was foisted upon it, he proceeds to explain how what is called Christian doctrine was superadded. This is accounted for by a second invasion of the old *Aberglaube*, similar to that which had corrupted the pure doctrine of the New Testament literature. But the second superstition is more complicated and serious than the first, for it was built upon it and grew out of it. The new superstition took the old superstition of a reigning and judging temporal Messiah and attached it to the person of Jesus, and forthwith proceeds the doctrine of Christ's second coming, and the other manifold forms of church dogmas, both Catholic and Protestant.

Our statement of Arnold's theory of Christianity is very curt and bare, and is singularly contrasted with the enlarged and brilliant expansion which is spread over the plausible pages of this essay. But it is not unjust to his opinions, nor to the arguments by which he would defend them.

The author claims that this interpretation of the New Testament literature is justified and enforced by criticism. To us it seems to be eminently uncritical, and for the following reasons. First of all, Arnold differs from every eminent historical critic and student of the New Testament, in seeming to be utterly unconscious of the nature of the problem which he attempts to solve. Strauss, Baur, and even Renan neither ignore nor deny that if the ordinary supernatural interpretation of the claims of Christ for himself, and of the history of Christ by his disciples, is to be set aside, there rests a grave obligation upon some one to show how these claims were ever made by Christ or put into his mouth by others—*i.e.*, how the record of his resurrection was ever written or believed. To answer these questions, they contrive elaborate theories, which they attempt to justify by a careful and detailed study of the history and chronology of the Gospels and epistles. The solutions which they give are expanded into volumes. All such inquiries, and the duty to make and answer them, are discussed by Arnold in a flippant sentence. They go through the New Testament, verse by verse, and slowly scrutinize and compare the meaning of word and phrase. Arnold quotes here and there a passage, extemporizes here and there a violent and false translation, and forthwith announces that his theory is sustained. Because, forsooth, he emphasizes the subjective meaning of a few of the teachings of our Lord, he leaps to the conclusion that all else which he says is of no significance. To one who is moderately familiar with what is called the higher criticism of the New Testament, it is most obvious that Mr. Arnold is not even moderately acquainted with it. A critic who refers to the conversation with the woman taken in adultery as decisive of a mixture of afterthoughts with the actual sayings of our Lord, in entire innocence of the notorious fact that the whole record is rejected as not genuine by many textual critics, can hardly deserve confidence as having attained to that criticism which results from reading the best books on a subject. A writer who makes so much of the spuriousness of the text, or the heavenly witnesses, deserves no very advanced degree among New Testament interpreters. A writer who disposes of the prophetic Messiah of the Old Testament and the interpreted Messiah of the New, after a hasty and unreflective reading of Antony Collins, is not, in the best sense of the word, an accomplished critic, and can scarcely deserve to be called a conscientious critic. The son of Dr. Arnold of Rugby might have found, in a pregnant sentence recorded in the diary or letters of his father's memoir, the answer to pages of flippant positiveness about the Messianic question. The sentence relates to the difference between the oriental and the occidental minds in respect to what is called the logical faculty. It is most pertinent to the very question which is the theme of the essay of the son—viz., How should both Old and New Testament be interpreted as literature? But Arnold the son seems not to have remembered at all.

We have read this essay with no little care. We are not unaware of the difficulties which attend some of the topics of which it treats. Whatever merit of thought or diction it possesses, it labors under this most serious defect—that, pretending to treat the Scriptures as literature, in order to emancipate them from dogma, it is itself one of the most eminent examples of capricious and superficial dogmatism that modern literature can furnish; and that, assuming to be both the champion of the application of criticism as the mellowed product of reading the best books on any and all subjects, it is itself one of the most distinguished examples of the attempt by an unqualified critic to judge of a literature which he has not decently mastered in either text or comments. It will be no credit to the *Zeit Geist* of English-speaking readers if they accept such a critic as its chosen interpreter and expounder of the best books in its best literature. There is much that is good, or rather which might have been good in this volume, if it had been turned to a better use. N. P.

YALE COLLEGE, *July* 12, 1873.

AFTER SWEET SINGING.

BY JOHN W. CHADWICK.

"Consider the Lilies."

I THINK if he who spake that blessed word
Had sat with us this summer morning hour,
And heard thy tones, so full of music's power,
He would have thought some mellow-throated bird,
The praise of his sweet kin just having heard,
Had echoed back the praise of bird and flower
From where he listened in his leafy bower,
So giving thanks for honor high conferred.
I think that if the little birds should hear
Across this air, so sweet with lilies made,
Thy cheery notes ring out so fresh and clear,
While all their own are hushed till evening's shade,
Themselves would wonder from what song-bird rare
Came such a song, so sweet beyond compare.

PLACIDO:

SLAVE, POET, AND MARTYR.

"*Rest in peace, soul beautiful and blessed.*"

BY MRS. AMELIA E. BARR.

TWENTY-NINE years ago this 16th of July, Juan Placido died for the great universal hope of humanity—Liberty. A true, tender, pious soul, who fought life's bitterest battle in terribly narrow lists; a great genius, with hands full of divinest gifts, denied a proper arena, and cramped and manacled by cruel gyves.

Born a slave near Matanzas, in the island of Cuba, he knew, in his short life, every misery of that unhappy lot. Naturally handsome, and wonderfully bright and clever, he was in his babyhood the pet and darling of his mistress. He was richly dressed, daintily fed, and encouraged to exercise on every occasion the willful imperiousness which was the mirth of the whole household. Six years of this unwise indulgence, and then he was old enough to become a page, and begin to bear all

"The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune."

For the slightest crimes of boyhood he was flogged, imprisoned, and subjected to all the torments of hunger, thirst and fear. So much and so patiently did he suffer that his master was forced to pity him. Secretly he would give him a morsel of bread, or alleviate his thirst by passing the spout of a coffee-pot through an aperture in his prison door. And for what crimes? Perhaps he had picked a geranium leaf as he watered the flowers; or he had behaved ungracefully; or not heard when first called; or fallen asleep on the carriage while he waited for the senora, dancing the midnight hours away at the tertullia.

An offense of the latter kind introduced him to the greatest sorrow of his life. He had a mother, a grave, pious, loving woman, whom he idolized, and who, with his little brother Florence, watched in the negro quarters every night for his coming home. She listened to all Juan's sorrows and trials, and while the two boys wept in each other's arms comforted them with the assurance, "My sons! fear not. God is stronger than the devil." One night, when Juan was just recovering from an attack of fever, sleep utterly overcame him, and the senora, after her dance, found no page waiting at the carriage door. The poor child had indeed fallen to the ground, and slept heavily there, until the moving away of the vehicle awoke him. He followed it in terror on foot, and on his arrival was ordered at once to the lash.

For once the mother dared to plead the boy's sickness, and the fact that he had been up five nights until after midnight without any diminution of his day's labor. She pleaded on bended knees, and with streaming eyes, and being an old servant in high trust and position she hoped to be heard. But a strange calamity befell her. She herself was ordered to be stripped and flogged, and the hitherto unknown indignity nearly broke her heart. "As for me," says Placido, "I felt every blow on my heart!" In that bitter hour the boy became a man, he flew at the mayoral with hands, feet and teeth, and strove to put himself between his mother and the lash. But he saved neither her nor himself, for his own punishment was so dreadful that he was dangerously ill after it.

Adversity had taught him, however, the secret of consolation, and he says, with childish ingenuousness, "I employed always a part of the night praying God to lighten my sufferings, and to preserve me from mischief on the following day; and if I did anything wrong I attributed it to my lukewarmness in prayer, or that I might have forgotten to pray about this thing: and, indeed, I think my prayers were heard."

And indeed I believe it, too. The sacred, secret consolations of God are often sufficient where the outward circumstances show no sign of improvement, and the youth who wrote the following verses was not comfortless.

"Yea, though in gloom and sadness I may rise,
One blessed strain can soothe my troubled soul;
No sooner waken'd than with streaming eyes
Upward I look and there I seek my goal.
Soaring in spirit o'er the things of earth,
The spark imprisoned bursts its bond of clay,
I feel delight above all human mirth,
And wrapt in love I live but then to pray.

"O God of Mercy, throned in glory high,
On earth and all its miseries look down;
Behold the wretched, hear the captive's cry,
And call thy exiled children round thy throne.
There would I still in contemplation gaze
On thy eternal beauty, and would make
Of love one lasting canticle of praise,
And every theme but that henceforth forsake."

He had been taught to read in the happy days of his infancy, and he had never neglected any improvement which his position as page or servant gave him. He listened to the conversations of the scholars who frequented his young master's study; and in his office of attendant on the family drawing teacher, became, unknown to any one, a most accomplished artist. And to his great delight he was allowed to make portraits of all his master's family, and in some measure exercise an art, for which he had such a wonderful genius, that he was literally heaven-taught.

At thirty years of age it is lamentable to think of this noble soul, whose communings were ever with the

grandest hopes and themes, making pillow-cases and ladies' dresses, or walking with folded arms behind a capricious, cruel woman. Nothing can be more pathetic than his *lament* for his thirtieth birthday; a lament which is the very wail of a sorrowful soul feeling the stress of years that have no hope in the future. His own record of them is this: "There never passed a day without bringing some trouble to me. No! I cannot relate the incredible hardships of my life—a life full of sorrows."

But it is not so much labor and sorrow as injustice that rouses a man; and no thought of anything but submission to God and to his mistress's will seems to have entered his heart until after the death of his mother. She left him, secretly, three massive gold bracelets of rude workmanship (probably of African origin), some gold and coral beads, and an acknowledgment of his mistress for the loan of $600, beside several receipts for smaller sums. He hoped now to purchase his freedom, but his mistress met the claim, first with evasion, then with anger, asserting her right to inherit all property of her slaves, and threatening to send him where he would never see the sun if he named the subject again.

From this time he says he lost all hope. Who can wonder? But it is beautiful and good to see that his faith and love are unchanged; for he sold one of his bracelets to pay for masses for his dear mother's peace; and both the others he gives to propitiate the woman who has charge of his little sister.

Soon after he accompanied his young master, an amiable and learned gentleman, to Havana. Here Placido, for the first time, was treated with uniform consideration and kindness. He had also now an opportunity to study and to learn to write, and he greedily availed himself of every occasion to acquire knowledge; fulfilling at the same time all his duties with such exactness and intelligence that it became customary to beg his services, as a loan, in cases of dangerous illness or great responsibilities. His portraits, too, acquired a reputation for their faithfulness and delicate finish; while his exquisite poems and sonnets were on every lip.

But this very happiness betrayed him again to misery. His old mistress, afraid of her slave's growing intelligence, and jealous of the attentions he received, recalled him to Matanzas; and the old, degraded, mechanical life recommenced. It is not impossible that he may have written something looking towards the emancipation of his race; for she told a gentleman, who begged him off an unmerited flogging, "Senor, that fellow will one day be worse than Rousseau and Voltaire." For she saw that in spite of his mechanical slavery his soul was free, and that even bonds and bars did not confine him. He could think and he could write, and in spite of all her vigilance his thoughts found sympathizers, even in Havana.

In his thirty-eighth year the hour waited for and prayed for came. A number of literary gentlemen and artists bought him, and gave him his freedom. This was in A.D. 1841. In A.D. 1844 he played out grandly the last act of his tragical existence. In that year he was accused of a conspiracy to liberate all the slaves in Cuba, and a panic, which has scarcely a parallel in history, seized on the white natives. They reversed the order of St. Domingo, and deluged the whole island with the blood of slaves. Sixteen negroes condemned by the Government to terrible deaths had marched to the scaffold with such triumph and intrepidity that the effect was considered demoralizing, and the slaves were all given back to their masters for private punishment. Resentment and fear stimulated cruelty, and hundreds died under the lash or in consequence of it.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Journal*, writing from Havana at this time, more than corroborates this fact, and says that the place where the negroes were whipped in that city had become offensive to the neighborhood from the quantity of flesh torn off by the whip, and gives other particulars too terrible to mention here. The fierce hatred soon included the free negroes, many of whom were very rich. In Matanzas, there were at one time 1,470 free colored people in prison. The African Capatash, worth $60,000 in gold, beside much valuable real estate, perished in prison, either under torture or after it; and all who could leave the island fled. How far Placido was implicated can never be known. Indeed the evidence of any intended insurrection rests only on the admissions of tortured negroes, and Placido's last prayer seems to contain a denial. But even if he had been innocent of conspiracy, his passionate protests against the cruelty and injustice which gave his race to torture and slaughter would have condemned him.

The pride and the idol of the colored population, his execution was reserved to give the final blow to their hopes. Havana was tranquil then, after weeks of fear and bloodshed; but it was the tranquillity of terror. Up the silent, crowded streets came Placido. A crucifix was pressed to his breast, his eyes were lifted heavenward, and he recited in a clear, solemn voice a noble prayer, in verse, whose composition had consoled his last night on earth. During his imprisonment he had frequently declared "that only by striking his heart could they still its cry for Liberty and Justice," yet he sat down with his back to the military as ordered. At the last moment he arose, and looking tenderly and mournfully around, said, "*Adios, Mondo!*" (adieu, world!) As he sat down five balls entered his body. Amid the murmurs of the horror-struck people, he turned a face of supernatural light and courage on the shrinking soldiers, saying, "Have pity upon me. Fire here" (pointing to his heart). Even as he spoke two balls stilled the noble suffering heart forever. He was free at last. Death, the Liberator, gave him the citizenship of the skies.

But he still lives in the hearts of thousands who are to-day fighting, in his name and spirit, the battle of Cuban independence; and when, in brighter hours, the Queen of the Western Seas shall find time to count her jewels, first and brightest in her diadem she will rank her poet, artist, slave, Placido.

THE SUMMER RAIN.

BY EMILY E. FORD.

SOFTLY falls the summer rain
On the parching pavement's drouth,
Where the stifling dust has lain,
Stirred by every loaded wain;
Floated by the windgust's strain
East and West and North and South,
Filling eyes and choking mouth.

Ah, how welcome is its drip—
Dewy, tender, soft, and cool!
How the thirsty sparrows sip!
How the doggies wet each tip
Of lapping tongue thrust out of lip,
In each little wayside pool!
How the children run from school!

Ah, the little heated faces,
All bedewed with the dear rain!
Better calico than laces
Splashing through the muddy places;
How they laugh and show their graces,
Looking through the window-pane,
When their home they safely gain!

All the earth is young once more—
Young, and soft, and fair, and green.
Glossy shine the leaves all o'er,
Shine the trees to their heart's core.
Now the sun's rays downward pour;
Ah, how glittering is the scene,
Rainbows smile the drops between!

Ah, the blessed summer rain,
Softening all these parching heats,
Which brand the earth like mark of Cain!
Healing antidote to bane,
We must bless thee, and are fain
Falling down at heavenly feet,
Dear God's angel, Rain, to greet.

THE CHRISTIAN IN HEAVEN.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

IN my first article I have endeavored to show that Christians, when they die, become angels, and that angels take an active interest in the affairs of this world. In the second, I have dwelt upon the thought that angels who have lived in this world, that is, redeemed men and women, must take a deeper interest in affairs which are transpiring on earth, than those angels who have never resided here. In continuation of this subject it may be remarked that death is but translation and promotion. It secures the enlargement of our faculties and of the spheres of our activity.

Those Christians, now in heaven, who have taken a prominent part in the great struggles and enterprises of earth; in its battlings for right where cannon roar and blood flows; in its stern conflicts in senatorial halls, where audacity and insolence would silence the voice of virtue and crush the heart of humanity; in its great inventions, carrying comfort to the homes of the poor; in its associations of benevolence, lifting up whole nations to refinement and joy, and in its organizations of Christianity, saving the lost, inspiring lips, once profane, to breathe forth prayers and songs of praise, and all the utterances of love—these Christian heroes, who have died in the heat of the battle, with their armor on, do not lose their interest in earth in their promotion to the skies.

Their intellect is expanded. Their vision is rendered more keen. Their view is unobstructed, girdling the globe. They embrace, in one glance, the whole of humanity. In the vast maze of the onward sweep of our race, they see the significance of every movement, and unravel all entanglements and find easy solution of all mysteries.

Information comes slowly to us. It is obstructed by storms and mountain ranges, and rough gorges, and tempest-lashed oceans. But our Christian friends, who have been translated to dwell in a celestial body, to be partakers of the divine nature, to know as they are known—now they may walk the streets of the celestial city, and now they may exchange greetings with the residents of the most distant star which twinkles in infinity, and now, in ethereal grace, they may light upon our planet, and, unseen, unheard, unfelt, yet seeing, hearing, feeling all things, may move through the impetuous throngs of Canton, Rome, Paris, New York.

At one time the redeemed, coming from realms of glory, may sit at the bedside of a dying friend, administering comfort. Again, he may whisper a word of caution to the young man tempted to sin. And again, he brushes with angel pinions the banners of some great army boldly battling for the rights of humanity against the leagued hosts of Satan.

Is this imagination? Is this mere fancy? Nay, is it not proven from the Bible? When poor Hagar was perishing with her fainting boy, did not an angel come from heaven to soothe and feed her? When Sodom was to be destroyed, did not angels come from heaven tenderly to lead Lot and his family to a place of safety? When the armies of oppression and slavery came proudly up from Assyria, to destroy Jerusalem and carry its families into bondage, did not

"The angel of death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathe in the face of the foe as he passed?"

No! I am not amusing you with the creations of fancy. I am enunciating veritable truth. We shall know a great deal more about this world after we have left it than we ever knew before. Oh, it is a glorious thing to be an angel.

But, undoubtedly, the question has arisen in many minds, "If the departed can thus come to earth—if our sainted friends can thus hover over us, why can we not have some visible, tangible or audible evidence of their presence?"

What comfort would it afford a Christian mother to have her son return, and take her hand, and show her his celestial form, and, in those sweet tones which vibrate from angels' lips, say to her, "Mother, dear, I am now an angel in heaven."

What comfort would it afford the widow and the orphan to have the husband and father to return, and gathering them all in his lap and around his neck, tell them of his new home, its glory, its bliss; to assure them that, by God's appointment, he was the guardian angel to watch over them and protect them till they should join him in the skies?

This would, indeed, be unspeakably comforting. But, alas! there are many who die and who do not become angels. They carry with them, into the future world, the same rebellious spirit which they have cherished here. The Bible affirms that, in the realms of the departed, there are fiends as well as angels, dungeons of despair as well as mansions of bliss. The impenitent go to the realms of the lost.

Would you have *them* return, too, with their doleful tale? Scarred with the sword of justice and worn with despair, would you have them come back with their groans and blasphemies and unutterable woe? What mortal could bear it? There are Christian wives who have impenitent husbands. There are Christian parents who have impenitent children. How could they bear the vision of husband or child, reserved in everlasting chains, under darkness, unto the judgment of the great day?

Now there is uncertainty. Now there is hope. Who can tell but that, in the very last hour of life, the prayer, "God, be merciful to me a sinner," was so fervently breathed that sin was forgiven and the soul was saved? Frail humanity needs this solace.

It is clear, some one says, that it would not be best for the *lost* to return. Then, if those only return who are saved, that tells who are lost. Suppose that every Christian, the night after his death, were permitted to come back to earth, and inform his friends of his state, but that the lost could not come back. With what fearful solicitude would the mother watch through the long hours of the night for the coming of her departed son. And when the morning dawned and he had not made his appearance, with what anguish would she cry *lost, lost, lost.* Who or what could ever comfort her again?

No; it is best as it is. God tenderly allows no angel revelations which shall add to the grief of his children.

I have more yet to say on this interesting subject.

QUEEN ESTHER.

MRS. H. B. STOWE.

THE portrait of this woman comes to us in a flush of oriental splendor. Her story reads like a romance of thrilling incidents, and her memory at the present day has a yearly festival devoted to it through all the lands and countries where the Jewish race are scattered. The feast of Purim every year reminds us that this seeming romance has been a reality, and that the woman whose beauty and loveliness was the moving power in it was no creation of fancy.

The style of the book of Esther is, in some respects, peculiar. It has been held by learned Jews to be a compilation made by Mordecai from the Persian annals. The name of Jehovah nowhere occurs in it as in all other Jewish writings, although frequent mention is made of fasting and prayer.

The king Ahasuerus is supposed by the best informed to be the Xerxes of Herodotus, and the time of the story previous to the celebrated expedition of that monarch against Greece.

The hundred and twenty-seven provinces over which he reigned are picturesquely set forth by Herodotus in his celebrated description of the marshalling of this great army. The vanity and ostentation, the childish passionateness, ascribed to the king in this story, and his indifference to human life, are strikingly like other incidents recorded by Herodotus.

When a father came imploring that he would spare one of his sons from going to the Persian War, Xerxes caused the young man to be slain and divided, and the wretched father was obliged to march between the mangled remains. This was to illustrate forcibly the doctrine that no human being had any rights of his own, and that it was presumption to wish to withhold anything from the king.

The armies of Xerxes were not led to battle by leaders in front, but driven from behind by drivers with

whips. When the king's bridge of boats across the Hellespont was destroyed by a storm, he fell into a fury, and ordered the sea to be chastised with stripes, and fetters to be thrown into it, with the admonition, "O thou salt and bitter water, it is thus that thy master chastises thy insolence!" We have the picture in Herodotus of the king seated at ease on his royal throne, on an eminence, beholding the various ranks of his army as they were driven like so many bullocks into battle. When the battle went against him, he would leap from his throne in furies of impotent rage.

It is at the court of this monarch, proud, vain, passionate, and ostentatious, that the story opens, with a sort of dazzle of oriental splendor.

"Now it came to pass, in the days of Ahasuerus, which reigned from India even unto Ethiopia, over an hundred and twenty and seven provinces, that in those days, when King Ahasuerus sat on the throne of his kingdom, which was in Shushan the palace, in the third year of his reign he made a feast unto all his princes and his servants, the powers of Persia and Media, the nobles and princes of the provinces, being before him, when he showed them the riches of his glorious kingdom and the honor of his excellent majesty."

On the last seven days of the feast the royal palace is thrown open to the populace of Shushan. The writer goes on to amplify and give particulars: In the courts of the king's garden were couches of gold and silver, on a pavement of colored marbles, with hangings of white, green, and blue, fastened by cords of purple and fine linen to silver rings in marble pillars. There was wine poured forth in costly goblets of very quaint and rare device. Vashti, the queen, at the same time made a feast to all the women in the royal house which belonged to the king.

In the year 1819, Sir Robert Ker Porter visited and explored the ruins of this city of Shushan. His travels were printed for private circulation, and are rare and costly. They contain elegant architectural drawings and restorations of this palace of Shushan, giving a most magnificent idea of the splendor which once reigned there. "The satyrs have long danced" and the bitterns cried in these halls, then so gay and glorious, but little did the king then dream of that.

At the close of all, when the king was inflated to the very ultimatum of ostentatious vanity, he resolves, as a last glorification of self, to exhibit the unveiled beauties of his Queen Vashti to all the princes and lords of his empire.

Now, if we consider the abject condition of all *men* in that day before the king, we shall stand amazed that there was a woman found at the head of the Persian empire that dared to disobey the command even of a drunken monarch. It is true that the thing required was, according to oriental customs, an indecency as great as if a modern husband should propose to his wife to exhibit her naked person. Vashti was reduced to the place where a woman deliberately chooses death before dishonor.

The *naïve* account of the counsel of the king and princes about this first stand for woman's rights, their fear that the example might infect other wives with a like spirit, and weaken the authority of husbands, is certainly a most delightful specimen of ancient simplicity. It shows us that the male sex, with all their force of physical mastery, hold everywhere, even in the undeveloped states of civilization, an almost even-handed conflict with those subtler and more ethereal forces which are ever at the disposal of women. It appears that the chief counsellors and mighty men of Persia could scarcely hold their own with their wives, and felt as if the least toleration would set them all out into open rebellion. So Vashti is deposed, *nem. con.*, by the concurrent voice of all the princes of the Medes and Persians.

Then comes the account of the steps taken to secure another queen. All the beautiful virgins through all the hundred and twenty-seven provinces are caught, caged, and sent traveling towards Shushan, and delivered over to the keeping of the chief eunuch, like so many birds and butterflies, waiting their turn to be sent in to the king.

Among them all a Jewish maiden of an enslaved, oppressed race is the favored one. Before all the beauties of the provinces Esther is preferred, and the crown royal is set upon her head.

What charmed about Esther was, perhaps, the reflection from her beautiful face of a soul. Every one of the best class of Jewish women felt secretly exalted by her conception of the dignity of her nation as chosen by the one true God, and destined to bring into the world the great prince and Messiah who should reign over the earth. These religious ideas inspired in them a lofty and heroic cast of mind that even captivity could not subdue. At all events there was something about Esther that gave her a power to charm and fix the passions of this voluptuous and ostentatious monarch.

Esther is the adopted daughter of her kinsman Mordecai, and the narrative says that "Esther did the commandment of Mordecai like as when she was brought up with him." At his command she forbears to declare her nationality and lineage, and Mordecai refrains from any connection with her that would compromise her as related to an obscure captive, though the story says he walked every day before the court of the woman's house to know how Esther did, and what should become of her.

In these walks around the palace he overhears a conspiracy of two chambermaids to murder the king, and acquaints Esther of the danger. The conspirators are executed, and the record passes into the Persian annals with the name of Mordecai the Jew, but no particular honor or reward is accorded to him at that time.

Meanwhile, a foreign adventurer named Haman rises suddenly to influence and power, and becomes prime minister to the king. This story is a sort of door, opening into the interior of a despotic court, showing the strange and sudden reverses of fortune which attended that phase of human existence.

Haman, inflated with self-consequence, as upstart adventurers are, is enraged at Mordecai for neglecting to prostrate himself before him as the other hangers-on of the court do. Safe in his near relationship to the queen, Mordecai appears to have felt himself free to indulge in the expensive and dangerous luxury of quiet contempt for the all-powerful favorite of the king.

It is most astounding next to read how Haman, having resolved to take vengeance on Mordecai by exterminating his whole nation, thus glibly and easily wins over the king to his scheme.

"There is a nation," he says, "scattered abroad throughout all the provinces of the king's kingdom, and their laws are diverse from all people, neither keep they the king's laws, therefore it is not for the king's profit to suffer them."

"If it please the king let it be written that they may be destroyed, and I will pay ten thousand talents of silver to the hands of them that have the charge of the business to bring it into the king's treasury."

It is fashionable in our times to speak of the contempt and disregard shown to women in this period of the world among Oriental races, but this one incident shows that women were held no cheaper than men. *Human beings* were cheap. The massacre of hundreds of thousands was negotiated in an easy, off-hand way, just as a gardener ordains exterminating sulphur for the green bugs on his plants. The king answered to Haman, "The silver is given thee, and the people also, to do as seemeth to thee good."

Then, says the story, "the king's scribes were called on the thirteenth day of the first month, and there was written according to all that Haman had commanded, and the letters were sent by post into all the provinces, to destroy and to kill and cause to perish all Jews both old and young, little children and women, in one day, of the twelfth month, which is the month Adar, to take the spoil of them for a prey. The posts went out, being hastened by the king's commandment, *and the king and Haman sat down to drink, but the city of Shushan was perplexed.*" And when Mordecai heard this he rent his clothes and put on sackcloth with ashes, and went into the midst of the city, and came even before the king's gate, for none might enter into the king's gate clothed in sackcloth.

(To be continued.)

BRAVE HEARTS.

BY ROBERTSON GRAY.

CHAPTER VII.

SOL REDWOOD'S ICE.

AFTER the brief conversation with the terse and hungry driver of the up-coach, related in a former chapter, Stephen Moore returned to the big sitting-room prepared to make himself comfortable until it was time to start on his return trip. Hank Howe and his confederate in the poker game were standing on the porch, where the moonlight clearly showed them engaged in deep conversation. This circumstance was not unnoted by Stephen, who, making some remark about a possible change of weather, stepped to the door, already partly open, and suddenly threw it wide open, as if it to get a good view of the sky. His manœuvre accomplished more than he had any reason to hope; for, although the two men instantly dropped their voices, his quick ear overhead the fellow in the slouched hat addressing his companion, not as Hank, but as Jim. This circumstance was made more suspicious by the evident irritation of the latter at being thus named. Although no word of their talk could be caught, it was plain from the dumb show of their looks and gestures that Mr. Harrison Howe was giving his friend a piece of his mind, doubtless accusing him of criminal carelessness in the way he handled proper names. Finally, the culprit having been reduced by the power of sarcasm, cool self-possession, and really superior knowledge, to a suitable penitence, Mr. Howe appeared to give him some message or directions, which he received with attention, and immediately walked across to the stable. A few moments later, the clatter of a horse's hoof was heard on the road, and Mr. Howe entered the sitting-room alone.

Meanwhile Stephen had returned to the interior of the room, where he was assailed with cries of, "Now give us that story about Sol Redwood's ice." Most of the petitioners had heard the story, and wanted it again.* But the stage-driver pointed to an individual who had silently entered a moment before. "That's Lije Pickering's story," said he; "nobody but Lije can tell that story when he's around."

The person referred to was a shaggy specimen of the pioneer. He had been a miner in all the districts on the coast, and would probably catch the excitement again some day, and try the fortunes of the pick again. Just now he lived in the half-way cabin on the Grade, and had charge of the repairs and the taking of tolls. It was his practice to drop in at the station of an evening, sit an hour, and then ride back to his lonely home.

He accepted the implied invitation to entertain the company by the somewhat indirect reply, "Any o' you fellows got a piece o' tobacker?" But before he fairly began, he waited until the stragglers had gathered, including Harrison Howe, Mr. Johnson, Philip Russell, Bronco Bill, and Kate Campbell. Probably he felt, as do all public speakers, a dislike to see people come stringing in after the performance has begun; which is only less disagreeable than to see them go stringing out before it is over.

The interval of waiting was filled with lively general conversation, eliciting from one and another brief reminiscences of the early days of the coast,—I mean, of course, the early days of American settlement; for whatever happened in California before the raising of the Bear-flag and the discovery of gold is to be reckoned as prehistoric, antediluvian, and as insignificant, except to antiquarians, as the fossil skull of Calaveras County. Practically speaking, the Pacific coast was created in 1849 for the "49-ers." What little had previously been done by geological forces, time, the Spaniards and the missionaries, was merely in the way of preparation, analogous to the manner in which Eden was got ready for Adam and Eve.

At last Mr. Pickering, taking up one of his big-booted legs into his lap, and absent-mindedly nursing his knee, across which he occasionally sent a neatly directed jet of tobacco-juice into the fire, began the story of Sol Redwood's ice.

"Yes," said he, "of all the queer fellers betwixt Los Angeles and Yreky, Sol Redwood laid over the lot. Some o' you boys must remember him. Used ter live all by himself, over back of Murphy's camp, in the woods. Had a shebang built o' logs and covered with bark, and thar he lived, nobody could find out how. Never had no company, though he was sociable enough, too, if you met him away from home. The boys called him Redwood, on account o' that way o' livin', and because he was the fust white man that ever laid eyes on the Big Trees o' Calaveras. These yer scientific cusses have got a name as long as a tail-sluice for them trees; but everybody knows they're redwoods. Sol he looked a good deal like a redwood,—ragged around the trunk, and crooked in the arms, and bare on the top. His hair was red, an' his nose was red, an' his eyes was red, an' his shirt used to be red, an' he never wore no hat, no more 'n the top o' Shasty.

"Well, thar he lived, with that dawg o' his, an' his mewl. I judge he got his grub by hunting, an' paid for his other fixins with the skins. But they do say he warn't such a fool as the boys took him for, an' that he was the fust man on the coast that understood the valloo o' quartz. Used to go everywhere on that mewl, with his rifle an' his pick, an' every time he come to a boulder or a piece o' float-quartz, off he'd git, and hammer away on it; an' that mewl would stand by, ef it was half an hour, till he had knocked off his specimen and put it in the saddle-bag. Then he'd mount agin, an' the mewl never waited for him to say 'git,' but got right along. An' as for the dwag, he got to be the best jedge o' quartz on the coast.

"I never see the old man myself, but his pardner told me a good deal about him: I mean Castello, him they used to call Spanish George. No more Spanish than you or I be; but he married a Spanish gal, an' took her name, instead o' givin' her his'n."

"No harm in that,—hey boys?" interrupted Stephen. "Only, if a man drops one name because it don't suit him—say it's got played out on the road—and hitches to another, let him stick to that as long as he can. That's so now; ain't it, Hank?"

"Well, that's what Castello did," continued Lije, unmindful of the interruption; "an' he was Sol Redwood's pardner, but not while the old man was able to play it alone on his own hand. But after a while the old man took sick, and Castello was prospectin' around thar, an' he see that mewl an' the dwag lookin' mighty mournful. So he jest pushed for the cabin, the dwag leadin' the way; an' thar he found Sol Redwood so bad with the rheumatiz that he couldn't stir. George stayed by him an' give him his grub, an' sweated him, an' rubbed him, an' give him whiskey, an' stewed up one kind o' weed after another, an' give him that; but it warn't no use. In about two weeks the old man died; an' Castello, bein' his pardner, got the cabin an' traps, an' the dawg an' the mewl.

"He said he found about three ton o' specimens around the shebang. A few on 'em had free gold in 'em; but the biggest part was these yer sulphurets, no 'count, as George said. You see, George warn't no judge o' sulphurets; so he flung 'em all away. Anyhow, nobody but Sol Redwood knowed where them specimens come from, an' he died 'thout tellin'. Like as not the old man hed found fust-class mines till you couldn't rest; but he never let on, an' he never made no sale. What's the use o' findin' a mine, if you can't make a sale?

"Well, George he took the mewl an' the dawg down

* Do people like old jokes and anecdotes because of their antiquity, or in spite of it? Strictly speaking, there is nothing new in that line; wherefore that which seems new is likely to be stuff deservedly forgotten of mankind, and no masterpiece.

to his ranch in the foot-hills; but they warn't worth much at first to him. The dawg wouldn't watch nor drive sheep nor cattle; nor he warn't on the hunt neither, to any extent. He jest run round all day, nosin' about every rock he could see. At first they thought it was badgers or gophers he was a-scentin'; but it warn't nothin' o' the kind: it was quartz. As for the mewl, you'd better go it afoot than ride *her*. She'd stop short at every stone in the road, an' cussin' an' poundin' wouldn't start her, until whoever was on her back had got down an' hammered that stone. After that she'd go on as peaceable as anybody's mewl. George he had to ride her on the bottom-land, an' nowhar else. Anywhar in the mountains, she'd keep him a gittin' on and off the hull day.

"The worst of it was, that mewl warn't no jedge of quartz. She'd pay jest as much attention to an adobe wall, or a chunk o' common bed-rock, as she would to the biggest nugget that ever rolled in a gulch. But the dawg, he *was* a jedge. One smell of a piece o' barren stuff was enough for him; he'd trot off, as disgusted as any human bein'. An' ef he stayed around, pawin' an' whinin' at a boulder, you could bet yer life that boulder would assay. It might not pan out rich, but it would pan a color, sure. One day the dawg made sech a fuss over a ledge of rocks about twenty rod from the road, that Castello jest made up his mind to go over thar and take a look at it for himself; an', gentlemen, the gold was stickin' out o' that quartz like the pints on a prickly-pear; an' Castello sold that mine for a hundred thousand dollars."

"Took it mostly in stock," said Harrison Howe, sneeringly; "and the company burst in six months, and the stock wasn't worth a prickly-pear."

"Well," interposed Steve, "I don't see as the dog was to blame for that. The company sent up a fellow to be superintendent that didn't know as much as the dog."

Lije Pickering nodded assent. "He was a weed-sharp," said he, "an' a bug-sharp, an' a shell-sharp, an' a rock-sharp, but he warn't no quartz-sharp.* So, after he had fooled away most of the money, they sent up another fellow, an' he was too almighty smart. He got out gold enough; but when he was ready to pay a dividend, he paid it to himself, instead of the company. In fact, he vamosed the ranch with pretty near twenty thousand dollars, an' they never could catch him."

"I remember *him*," said Stephen. "His name was Jim Barlow—at least, that was what he called himself then; but they say the Vigilance Committee over at Sonora had a better title to him. After all, you know, the first title is the one that sticks in the long run."

Steve had made a random shot, but it went home to the white center in the consciousness of Harrison Howe; and in spite of the gambler's self-control, the keen, quick glance of his adversary observed the effect it had produced. The two men exchanged an instantaneous look of cordial hostility, and the stage-driver chuckled inwardly, "I've got a holt on him now. Two other persons perceived, more or less clearly, a hidden significance in this interruption of Mr. Pickering's slow exordium; namely, Kate Campbell and Mr. Johnson. Kate's subtle sympathy told her that her champion had gained some secret reinforcement of power, and she turned upon him a look of thanks which Harrison Howe, *alias* Jim Barlow, noted and carried to the account of revenge in which Mr. Stephen Moore figured as main creditor. As for Mr. Johnson, the mention of the name of Jim Barlow made him almost visibly prick up his ears; and the glance of mutual aversion which he intercepted between Stephen and Howe caused him much mysterious satisfaction. He said nothing; but, protected from observation by his position, a little to the rear of the rest, made a rapid entry in a book which he took from his breast-pocket. At this moment Andy Campbell entered the room, having finished the express business for the two stages in his little office behind the bar-room. Mr. Johnson's roving eyes settled upon him with an expression of inquisitive distrust; and he made another entry in his book. If one could have looked over his shoulder one might have seen under this head only the words, "Mem. Campbell? Talk to him."

Stephen Moore, having accomplished the object of his interruption, disturbed no farther the even flow of the main story, which, though it has no special relation to mine, I shall repeat out of courtesy to the narrator. To quote what suits you, and then skip what does not suit you, may be the correct thing in controversy; but I may have to meet Mr. Pickering again in California, and I prefer not to play any "sharp game" on him now.

"Wal, now, I 'm way off the road," said he; "I started to tell about the time the Mikosmy ferry-boys bet with Sol Redwood on his ice. You see, the old man used to come down to the ferry once in a while; for he could n't stand livin' alone as a stiddy diet, and, besides, he used to get out o' whiskey an' powder. Lead he made somehow for himself; had a lead mine, most likely, and run his bullets out of the ore.

"One winter mornin' the boys was all settin' round the fire in the Mikosmy House, close by the ferry, an' Sol was thar too. There was consid'able ice in the river, an' that was rather remarkable, for it did n't usually freeze so fur down in the foot-hills.

"'It 'll go away quick enough,' says one of the boys, 'with this ere sun on to it.'

"'Dunno 'bout that,' says another; 'ice is ice, 'n' it takes a heap o' sun to thaw ice.'

"'Thaw yer gran'mother!' says Sol Redwood; 'ef you 'd studied nater as much as you hev whiskey, you 'd know better 'n that. There 's as much difference in ice as there is in anybody; there 's warm ice, an' there 's cold ice. Now, up whar I live, the ice is cold. This 'ere ice o' yourn won't stand no sun.'

"Well, with that they went to jawin' one another, an' finally they got up a bet that Sol could n't show a piece of ice from the Sy-erries that was any more remarkable than the Mikosmy ice. An' Sol, he bet that his ice could freeze out any ice this side o' the North Pole. So they agreed that he should pack a piece down to the ferry, an' the boys should cut a piece out o' the river, an' both pieces should be chipped till they hefted jest even, an' set on the side-hill, whar the water could dreen off handy, and the boys should stan' round an' time 'em while they thawed in the sun. An' the side that took the longest to thaw should rake in the bet an' treat the crowd.

"In about two days down come the old man, afoot and leadin' his mewl, with a pack on her half as big as a Wells Fargo coach. But it was mostly all blanket; and when they come to unroll it, thar was a chunk of ice, about twenty pound, as clear as glass, an' when you hit it with a pick it rung like steel. The boys had their piece ready; an' they got things in order, an' the show started about two o'clock. The sun come out awful hot, on purpose, as you might say; an' I reckon the crowd thawed some, if the ice did n't. But it warn't long afore the perspiration begun to run off from the ice, an' it was pretty plain that the Mikosmy chunk was a sweatin' the most. Some of the boys pertended to want to see better, an' got whar they could throw their shadders on the ice an' give it a chance to breathe; but old Redwood was too many for 'em; he pertested, an' the umpire decided that the shadders was agin the conditions of the bet. So they had to git out o' *that*.

"About four o'clock Mikosmy weakened so bad that the boys owned up that there warn't no chance for 'em, unless a cloud or something should turn up an' give her a show to cooloff. But, in fact, she could n't 'a' cooled off; she was too fur gone; an' half an hour before sundown she just collapsed all in a heap, like a lump o' sugar in a hot Scotch. An' thar was Sol Redwood, smokin' his pipe as comfortable as a black bear in a holler stump. He warn't worried a bit; his lump was jest as solid as ever, only consid'able smaller. An' when he see the game was his, he took out his pipe, an' says he, 'I 'll double the stakes she lasts till ten o'clock.'

"So thar they stayed, and bet on that chunk; an' the sun went down; an' they brought all the ferry lanterns an' set 'em around on the hill; an' thar they stayed an' bet, an' agreed that was the most onaccountable ice ever *they* struck; an' about midnight they give it up, bein' clean played out a waitin'; an' Sol Redwood, he rolled up the piece of ice about as big as his fist, that was left, an' packed it on his mewl; an', after treatin' all round, Sol started for home; an' says he, 'When you want to bet agin, I 'll bring this piece back.'

"Plenty o' fellows that see the hull thing, an' lost money on it too, an' 'll swear to it yet; but as for explainin' it, nobody ever give any better account o' that than old Sol Redwood himself. He always said, 'Whar I live, the ice is *cold*, an' you can't make nothin' else out of it.'" And Lije Pickering shambled out of the room, mounted a "mewl" before the door, and jogged away towards his cabin on the hill.

This story was received with many expressions of interest, and followed with much discussion of thermometric theory. The explanation of the old man Redwood, being literally the true one, was of course, scouted by the sensible minds of the company. It is thus the simplicity of science usually fares among the unscientific. There are no theorists so wild as your "practical men."

Philip Russell listened to the characteristic Western talk with a pleasure not yet outworn by familiarity; and he felt himself drawn towards the jolly driver by a sentiment prophetic of friendship. The impression made upon him by the station-keeper's daughter was perhaps even more remarkable, since she had scarcely spoken a word in his hearing, except the few remarks which she had exchanged, during supper, with the taciturn Bronco Bill and the talkative Mr. Johnson; and these, being more or less affected by the slang of the coast, naturally disagreed with his preconceived notions of a lady's conversation.

The company broke up for a while into desultory talk. A few discussed the reconstruction policy of the government in a manner which indicated clearly enough the different origin and the common ignorance of the speakers. Some rehearsed the latest rumors of big bodies of ore discovered in the Washoe mines, or the fabulous richness of the Black Wax of Humboldt County, Nevada. One man still had faith in the Frazer River country—grave of many hopes. He thought the disastrous results of adventure in that remote northern wilderness had been merely a "put-up job" on the part of the Bank of California—the evil spirit of the Western miner's mythology. The teamsters rejoiced over the amount of land in oats and barley along the Sacramento and the San Joaquin, and prophesied cheap grain for stock, and a good margin on freights, all winter. All turned at last to Andy Campbell, and called unanimously for that fiddle. The station-keeper, nothing loath, produced with reverent care from its case a fine old violin, and, after some preliminary tuning, began to play a lively tune, which set the heels of the assembly in rythmic motion on the floor.

Presently the stage-driver approached Miss Campbell and said, "Kate, shall we take a turn?" The young lady was usually very ready to assist at an *extempore* dance. Indeed, even on set occasions, it was hard to get more than half a dozen respectable women to adorn a ball-room. Women were scarce on the coast in those days; and good women were scarcer. But there never was a time when the keen instinct of propriety on the part of the rude pioneer population did not shield from insulting associations the innocent. So soon as a virtuous woman took up her residence in one of the mining towns, the line was drawn between good and bad society. Doubtless public opinion permitted men to live on both sides of the line, while it strongly forbade the same thing in women. In that particular, however, public opinion was neither better nor worse than it is in the most enlightened cities of the East; and, at all events, there was a line. It followed that in the assemblies of "good society" a few women had to do heavy duty. Generally they were buxom wives of store-keepers and ranchmen; now and then there would be a school-teacher; and exceedingly rare were pretty, refined, and educated girls like Kate, who was tacitly reverenced as a superior being, and whose quiet resolution that she would not dance with anybody who had been drinking, or who in any other way forgot the manners of a gentleman, worked, whenever she was present, an amazing, though possibly in most cases a merely temporary, change in the rough ways which characterized even good society near the diggings. As for people she did n't know, she would n't dance with them at all; and it required a considerable apprenticeship of sobriety and cleanliness to get upon her list of favored partners, among whom Stephen Moore undoubtedly held the first place. It should be added that the citizens of Goldopolis had assemblies where these refinements were not known, and that few of them came so far as Gentleman Andy's to enjoy his superior fiddling and his superior daughter's society, in lieu of the baser delights of hard drinking, gambling, and fighting. Yet occasionally some would make the pilgrimage who could appreciate good music, or who had not forgotten their mothers and sisters. To these were added the teamsters who frequented the road, and habitually made forced marches to stop the longer at Campbell's, "and rest the stock." These outsiders would sit contentedly around the borders of the room, and watch the favored few who had lady partners. It gave their weary limbs the pleasure without the fatigue of the dance.

But this night was not an "occasion;" and Kate, for some reason, was disinclined to "take a turn." Perhaps she did not care, in the presence of a fine young gentleman from the States, to expose the worthy stage-driver to criticism; for Stephen's dancing, it must be owned, was something less than perfect. The "toe" of the coast, at that period, was "fantastic," but not "light." Perhaps her reluctance had a deeper cause. At all events, she declined the invitation with an unnecessary blush and a deprecating glance which quite disarmed Stephen's gathering discontent. In reply to her look, rather than her words, he answered cheerily, "All right; what's the use of a friend if you can't say no to him?" and, crossing the room to his seat again, subsided into the position of a listener, allowing the entertainment to remain a concert, instead of lapsing into a ball. Andy Campbell played on, in rapt indifference to his auditors. Whether they danced, or beat time on the floor, or sang, it was of no moment to him. He was alone with his violin; and out of his ecstasy of solitude he poured strains of such diverse power as to carry the company through many phases of feeling. Gliding from one theme to another, he now hushed the room to silence by the pathos of some well-remembered melody of home, now woke the echoes of a thundering chorus with some stirring lyric, now brought forth a single voice from this or that famous solo singer of the party, by playing a familiar train of ballad-music that irresistibly called for words. There was no formal invitation. When the notes of "Joe Bowers," for instance, began to sound, the whole assembly looked with one accord toward the only man present who could sing "Joe Bowers,"—an accompishment, by the way, not to be sneezed at, and a tune, by the way, which no instrument but a violin can utter. The singer began at once, from his seat, and delivered the comic ditty in a mournful, yet business-like way, which enhanced its humor. Other ballads followed, very plaintive and sentimental or didactic strains being evidently the favorites. "Weep o'er my Grave," "Farewell, but whenever," "Maid of Athens," "Father, come Home" (a temperance song with as many verses as the clock has opportunities of striking before it runs down), were delivered at length, each by its own proprietor, with whose right to his special *repertoire* nobody dreamed of interfering. But these vocal performances were invariably followed by instrumental pieces played without pause by the tireless hand of Andrew Campbell.

There was, of course, some subdued conversation going on, though not to such an annoying extent as in more fashionable audiences. Indeed, these rough pioneers had learned somehow two lessons which have been forgotten in polished society. The first is, that one should not talk so as to disturb the audience at a

**Anglicé*, a botanist, entomologist, palæontologist, and geologist, but not a practical mineralogist and mining engineer.

concert; and the second is, that if one is really paying attention to the music, a good deal of talking, if it is carried on in suitably low tones, will not disturb one. Those who know these important maxims, here at the East, are mostly Germans.

Philip Russell could not resist the impulse to speak to Kate Campbell under cover of this general occupation of the rest of the company; and Mr. Johnson was equally drawn, it appeared, to a private interview with Stephen Moore. To accomplish this, he made some excuse to call the stage-driver out on the piazza, from which the two proceeded across to the stable. Thus it happened that Stephen did not witness the earnest talk between Kate and the handsome young stranger—a circumstance which may be, or may not be, important. Let that appear, as Dogberry says, "when there is no need of such vanity."

(To be continued.)

A NEW PROFESSORSHIP IN COLLEGES.

BY L. W. HART.

TO marry and to own a home are two objects that most young men expect and intend to accomplish before they are middle-aged; college-graduates, equally with others.

In all our colleges, to say nothing of lower institutions of learning, education should be certainly so far practical as to guard its recipients against the chief perils of their future.

Marriage and property are subjects of complex and ample legislation. But both are largely dependent on financial success for their happiest enjoyment, certainly in the social life of our cities and towns. The financial success need not be brilliant; but must form a fair basis and firm foothold.

Marriage and parentage imply a constant demand for money. If the husband is a poor financier, the wife and children must usually be sufferers. If the money goes out as fast as it come in, no home can be bought, and the family must keep moving more or less frequently, or pay a heavy rent; but be in either case practically always homeless.

The college-graduates, therefore, should be taught, as business-men are compelled to learn by practice, the laws of finance, marriage and property—as far as need be taught for a common basis of conduct. In other words, no graduate should be ignorant of the very commonest and every-day terms of law, which he must learn by due study at the proper time, or by mortifying losses afterward, or remain in hopeless ignorance, the victim of any pettifogger whom he chances to employ, and of his own fears, if he cannot employ an attorney.

What is the new professorship in our colleges suggested as above? A professorship of these branches. The men are there; the ample knowledge is there; the eager students are there; the necessity of the case, the sneers of business-men, and their reluctance to send their sons to college to be ruined for real life, the rich returns of a pecuniary nature to the colleges that forestall mistakes by warning, and bring experience to anticipate the emergencies through which their young men have to pass, should all induce our colleges to organize this feature into their course. The young would then profit by the wisdom of their professors practically; the poor would learn how to get a capital, as a vantage-ground; the sons of the rich would be taught the best modes of investment; the wild visions of youth would be changed into the sound and rational views of manly duty; the risks and horrors of ill-assorted and poverty-stricken marriages would be reduced; the crippling and maiming of splendid talents and deep scholarship by *want of books and of time* would be in some cases happily avoided, and the symmetry of culture finally approached, in mind and body, in spirit and estate.

This topic is *new*, as a direct statement of popular need and demand. The extremes of scientific research and the largest attainments in the minutiæ of classical scholarship, the finest strains of eloquence or poetic taste, the supply of most beneficent endowments and accommodations all are defective, and fall short of common sense, if the student is unfitted by wrong habits, or is not better fitted by direct instruction, as far as it can fit him, to fill his expected place in society with financial success—a degree of it that is nowhere near the verge of pecuniary troubles.

No better economists nor financiers can be found than the victims of sad experience. The poor are under the harrow and on the hatchel. If they can find the way to wealth they will, within college-walls or without. "The Shady Side" is very frequent. Let us not run Palæontology, nor Archæology to an extreme while neglecting food and clothing. The four-hundredth variety of Trilobite may be very fascinating; but the addition of $200 a year to the income of a poor clergyman's family is far more acceptable in the eyes of man, if not of God.

—In 1869, the average number of school attendances in England was 1,062,999. Last year it was 1,557,910, an increase of fifty per cent. in three years. But only half are yet at school, as the whole number of children is 3,000,000. The existing schools have accommodation for 2,300,000.

THE MOWERS.

BY MYRON B. BENTON.

THE sunburnt mowers are in the swath—
Swing, swing, swing!—
The towering lilies loth
Tremble, and totter, and fall;
The meadow-rue
Dashes its tassels of golden dew;
And the keen blade sweeps o'er all—
Swing, swing, swing!

The flowers, the berries, the pluméd grass,
Fall in a smothered mass;
Hastens away the butterfly;
With half their burden the brown bees hie;
And the meadow-lark shrieks distrest,
And leaves the poor younglings all in the nest.
Totters the Jacob's-ladder tall,
And sadly nod
The royal crowns of the golden-rod:—
The keen blade moweth all!

Anon, the chiming whetstones ring—
Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling!
And the mower, now,
Pauses and wipes his beaded brow.
A moment he scans the fleckless sky,
A moment—the fish-hawk soaring high,
And watches the swallows dip and dive
A-near and far;
They whisk and glimmer, and chatter and strive;
What do they gossip together?
Cunning fellows they are—
Wise prophets to hive;
"Higher or lower they circle and skim—
Fair or foul to-morrow's hay-weather!"
Tallest primroses or loftiest daisies
Not a steel blue feather
Of slim wing grazes!
"Fear not! fear not!" cry the swallows.
Each mower tightens his snath-ring's wedge,
And his finger daintily follows
The long blade's tickle-edge;
Softly the whetstone's last touches ring—
Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling!

"Perchance the swallows, that flit in their glee,
Of to-morrow's weather know little as we,"
Says Farmer Russet; "'t is hidden in shower
Or sunshine;—to-morrow we do not own;
To-day is ours alone.
Not a twinkle we'll waste of the golden hour.
Grasp tightly the nibs—give heel and give toe,
Lay a goodly swath shaved smooth and low!
Prime is the day—
Swing, swing, swing!"
(Farmer Russet is aged and gray—
Gray as the frost, but fresh as the spring;
Straight is he
As a balsam tree,
And with heart most blithe and sinews lithe,
He leads the row with his merry scythe).
"Come, boys! strike up the old song
While we circle around—
The song we always in haytime sing;
And let the woods ring
And the echoes prolong
The merry sound!"

SONG.

July is just in the nick of time!
(Hay-weather, hay-weather);
The midsummer month is the golden prime
For haycocks smelling of clover and thyme;
(Swing all together),
July is just in the nick of time!

(Chorus.)

Oh, we will make hay now while the sun shines—
We'll waste not a golden minute!
The blue arch to-day no storm-shadow lines.
We'll waste not a minute,
For the west wind is fair;
Oh, the hay-day is rare!
The sky is without a brown cloud in it!

June is too early for richest hay;
(Fair weather, fair weather);
The corn stretches taller the livelong day,
But grass is ever too sappy to lay;
(Clip all together),
June is too early for richest hay.

August's a month that too far goes by;
(Late weather, late weather);
Grasshoppers are chipper and kick too high,
And grass, that's standing, is fodder scorched dry;
(Pull all together),
August 's a month that too far goes by.

July is just in the nick of time!
(Best weather, best weather);
The midsummer month is the golden prime
For haycocks smelling of clover and thyme;
(Strike all together),
July is just in the nick of time!

Still hiss the scythes!
Shudder the grasses' defenseless blades—
The lily-throng writhes:
And, as a phalanx of wild-geese streams
Where the shore of April's cloud-land gleams
On their dizzy way in serried grades—
Wing on wing, wing on wing—
The mowers, each a step in advance
Of his fellow, time their stroke with a glance
Of swerveless force;
And far through the meadow leads their course—
Swing, swing, swing!

A FRAGMENT.

BY ANNIE MATHESON.

WHEREVER human spirits mix and meet,
Though mid the jargon of a city street,
Where labor's bondsman knows no glad release;
There are the footprints of Christ's sinless feet,
For there the Man of Sorrows often trod;
And there may come God's pure and perfect peace,
For there is God!

LECTURE-ROOM TALK,

BY
HENRY WARD BEECHER.

THE LIGHT OF GOD'S COUNTENANCE.

FRIDAY EVENING, *April* 25, 1873.

THERE are many expressions in the Word of God which come to us with a great deal of power, and which fix themselves in the imagination and in the memory, and which tend, notwithstanding, to mislead us. Take the phrase, *The turning of God's face.* This is the figure of a father that is offended at the conduct of his children. He reserves himself, so to speak. He holds himself back. He does not look favorably upon the offenders. A sobriety gathers on his face. It seems to darken. It assumes an expression of disapprobation.

Now, nothing could be more natural, and nothing more useful, than such an expression as that; and yet, where it is taken up, adopted, and continually represented, we very soon accept, not the idea, but the figure itself; and we come to feel as though God literally turned away from persons. It does not convey the general truth that God is a God of righteousness, and that he does not like license, and selfishness, and pride, and frowardness, and every evil way.

It was very necessary to emphasize those elements at a period of the world when men were struggling to learn what were the features of the new God. He was not one that could look with allowance upon evil. He looked upon it with disallowance. We are now in a very different state of circumstances. We are brought into the Christian life. At any rate, we are brought into the precincts of the Christian life—into morals which have been refined and purified by Christian truth. We are brought into them from the earliest day. We do not need to be taught that God is just. We believe it thoroughly. We do not need to be taught that God does not like lies and corruption—we know that. But we transfer to the intricacy of our own personal experience those phrases which were at an earlier period most useful to the untaught heart, but which are very mischievous as they are used in some churches now. Men speak of our suffering in darkness; of our being in a state of darkness; of the hiding of God's face from us, etc. I remember hearing, often in prayers, the petition that God would reveal the light of his countenance to us, in connection with the whole subject of doubts and difficulties and fears; or, as it used to be said, "ups and downs" in Christian life.

Now, it may be—it sometimes is—asked, "Ought a Christian ever to have any doubt of the reality of his piety?" My reply to that is this: that the man must be singularly constituted who has not sometimes a doubt. He must be a very triumphant and a very positive nature who does not doubt sometimes. It may be that the doubt is morbid; it may be that the tests which he applies to himself are extravagant or abnormal; but the question is a mere question of fact. I will not say that persons doubt their own identity; but there are very few things that they do not doubt, first or last. A man may, in general, be a kind-hearted man; and yet there are times when he doubts whether he is or not. We get bewildered about such things. I do not think I am proud, in one way; and yet, I have had doubts whether I was not very proud in other ways, in the ordinary acceptation of the term. I have seen men who were so vain that it seemed to them almost as though the universe turned around them for a center, and as though everything was admiring them. They were excessively vain, and were unconscious of it. And I said to myself: "I am probably vain, though I do not know it." There has come a bewilderment over me, in regard to myself when I have seen the unconscious faults of others; and I have said "very likely I have the same faults; and is it possible for one having such faults to be a Christian?"

These superficial questionings, I suppose, are more or less universal. There is no great harm in them; and there is no great good either; but there is a point where these things take hold, and where there is harm. They are harmful in two respects: first, where a man supposes that his piety is going to save him, or that he is going to be saved on the ground of his straightness, on the ground of his completeness, on the ground of the excellence which he has attained; and secondly, where there is the implication which goes along with doubts of the relations which we sustain to divine grace, by which we all live, and by which we are all to live forever.

We make a great distinction between having a Christian character as a means by which we come into communion with God, and having a Christian character which is the ground and reason of our acceptance with God. I can illustrate it easily.

A man goes on shipboard, and is to be broken in as a sailor. For the first few weeks, or months it may be, he is very awkward and very inefficient, on the whole, judged by a high standard; but then there is the promise in him of something better; and he is well looked upon by the captain, and well spoken of by all, not because he is so perfect, but because he means to do right, and, in time, will develop into all that can be desired. It is the promise that is in him which secures him the good opinion of those about him, and leads them to be patient with him, and encourage him.

Go into a school. A profoundly learned man is the teacher. He is kind to his scholars; he takes pains to

be warm and friendly with them; he treats them in many respects as companions; but not because they are such ripe scholars—for they are all of them green; and as soon as they have gone over a certain amount of ground in their studies they will pass from him into somebody else's department. He is constantly obliged to bestow himself upon those who are simply full of promise of better things by-and-by.

Now, there is no man on earth who lives a symmetrical life; who is not more or less depressed this way or exaggerated that way. We are continually out of symmetry—out of divine proportion. The best men that live in the world are only sinners. There is, to be sure, a difference between one and another; there is a difference between the moral purposes or intents of men; but so far as the question of perfectness is concerned, there is no man on earth that can trust in his own character or state, and feel that he is to be saved hereafter on account of what he is.

What, then, is the ground on which a man is to trust? It is simply the grace of God. It is, that the nature of God, as manifested by Jesus Christ, is one that takes in all our imperfections and sins, and that God is able to save us notwithstanding these. Looked at in this point of view, our safety stands, not in our excellence, though it does not exclude that. It does not make that a matter of indifference at all; but our safety stands in a faithful and covenant-keeping God. Our life here is a gift of God, and our eternal life is a gift of God. A gift is a thing bestowed, without equivalent and without return. Divine life comes to us simply because there is such amplitude of love in God. The gifts of God come to us on account of the generosity of God, and the long-suffering kindness of God. They come to us because it is the nature of God to give. It is God's nature to shine upon men; and when they become conscious of it, when they reciprocate it, when they turn to receive it, when they open their hearts and become recipients of the outpouring tide of divine thought and purpose and feeling, then they are children of God. And from the beginning to the end they are to stand in his fidelity, and not in their own integrity. It is in God's mercy and grace, and not in our own perfectness, nor in our own righteousness, that we are to stand.

Now, then, what ground and reason have we for fear or for doubt? Every doubt should be extinguished in the thought of the immeasurable superiority of God to caprice, to change. He changes not. And if once we have put our trust in him; if we have the consciousness in us, not that we are doing perfectly well, but that we are in the main attempting to live the right kind of a life, and are pointing in the right direction, and day by day are really and honestly intent on developing that which will please God, there are no reasons, except morbid ones, why we should doubt. I think the great majority of doubts have sprung either from morbid conditions of life, or from a distorted theology, or else from such a view of God as a jealous God, and as a God requiring righteousness, as has taken away from us all the comfort we ought to have from trust in the bounty of the love of God in Christ Jesus.

FOREIGN NOTES.

THE distinguished traveler, Vambéry, who hates Russia most cordially, does not hesitate to praise the campaign against Khiva. He goes so far as to say that the task the Russian army has accomplished in this march throws quite into the shade the campaigns of Hannibal and Napoleon. The vicissitudes of climate undergone by the troops may be judged from the fact that when those moving from Orenburg reached the northern end of the sea of Aral, they found it a sheet of ice, while they had afterwards to march through sands the surface of which, to a depth of four or five fingers' length, glows like an oven.

—There appears to be no doubt that the immense fuss made over the Shah has covered a diplomatic scheme for a close alliance between England and Persia, against Russian intentions. It seems also that the German Empire is backing England in the business. The expectation is that a moderate English force in India can sufficiently assist the Shah to repel Russian advance anywhere in that quarter of the world. England has six millions of Mohammedan subjects in India, and a war with Russia headed by the Shah would mean to them Islam against the "infidels" of the Greek Christian Church. The Shah is compelled to do something. He has been worried by insurrections all his life; he has seen his population decay for years; he knows that his realm is honeycombed by religious dissent; he found his army worthless in 1856; the famine lately upset his people; St. Petersburg has put him under pressure, and he must have an ally or go under.

—Religious difficulties have reached a crisis in Switzerland which threaten the integrity of the country and even portends a European war. In the semi-Protestant cantons, although there is great indifference to opinion, there is an almost rabid jealousy of ecclesiastical *power*, and all kinds of restraints are imposed upon the bishops and priests. A body of doubtful authority, but of democratic constitution, took upon itself to dismiss the Bishop of Bâle in January, because he had published the Vatican decree on infallibility, and had suspended two priests who preached against the decree. In the canton of Berne many priests have been driven over the border into France by the intolerant action of the authorities. It is not unlikely that civil war may grow out of the existing state of things, followed by European interference, and the partition of Switzerland, if not by a new European war.

—A leading English journal denounces the greed and vulgar rapacity shown by some members of the House of Commons in grabbing at gratuitous treats in connection with the festivities in honor of the Shah. "The spreading taint of the vestryman's worst vice," the spending of public money in jollifications, is viewed by the critic with alarm. It appears, however, that various bodies which have indulged in this way have had to pay the bills out of the private pockets of members.

—The *Saturday Review* says that one of the greatest of the obstacles that deter men of character and principle from standing for boroughs as candidates for Parliament is the number of pledges which they find themselves obliged to give. Men of standing and promise regard this as an unworthy sacrifice of their political independence.

—The petition of sixty thousand evangelical members of the English Established Church against what they deem the superstitions of Ritualism meets with the answer that superstition is not the only enemy of a pure faith, as both infidelity and indifference are rampant, and are perhaps more dangerous than any religious extremes.

—A bill for permitting the establishment of irregular chapels for Episcopal worship, as a vent for dissatisfaction with regular ministry, lately passed the House of Commons, but failed in the Lords. It would have domesticated Free Religion within the Established Church, as much of the dissatisfaction with regular ministry is extremely radical, not to say secularistic.

—The suppression of public nomination of candidates, and the introduction of the ballot, was expected to suppress the more brutal features of English elections; but a case at Bath proves that this is not so, a Mr. Cox having been driven from a meeting of his supporters nearly blinded by discharges of cayenne pepper.

Public Opinion.

POPULAR THEOLOGY.

[From the Christian Intelligencer.]

THE popular theology of the day outside of the Evangelical Church is a mixture of Arminianism, Universalism, Unitarianism, Naturalism, and Sentimentalism. It is in no sense new. It is but the old antichrist preaching, teaching, and vaunting "another gospel." True, it claims the eminence of being in the advance. It clothes itself with new-fashioned robes, takes on many ornaments of curious device, and discourses in a style of magniloquence which puts Plato to shame in his philosophy, and disgraces Paul for his ignorance of spiritual things. The fact is, we judge, that impiety has become severely devout, in a certain way, that reason has assumed the place of revelation, and that animal feeling or sentimental emotion has usurped the functions of the Holy Spirit. Thus humanity exalts itself above the Divinity, and idealizes itself into its own god, after the fashion of the heathen.

It does not make this popular theology one whit better because it is glorified by a few great men in newspapers, magazines, and pulpits. They apprehend the popular feeling and feed it. They know the value of their personal popularity and cherish it by keeping in close affinity with the fashion of opinion, whatever that may chance to be. They maintain their orthodoxy, with such variations as may suit the adjudicating crowd. They represent the old-fashioned orthodoxy of the apostles, reformers, and fathers of the American Church as having been atrocious, horrible, and atheistic; although doubtless they would confess that such theology did produce the most august, heroic, and effective type of piety the world has seen or felt. In fact, these apostates from the faith build the tombs of the giants of the theology they despise, and find the demigods of their sentimental enthusiasm among those who were not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ. . . .

The imperishable theology of the Bible has been taught for the last half century as though it were in itself the end and object of all preaching. The rule of faith has been treated as a question of abstract metaphysics. It has been separated from the business and bosoms of men. Opinionative soundness has been regarded as a substitute for personal holiness. In a word, severely intellectual orthodoxy has been tried and is found wanting in those qualities for which human nature hungers. It need not be so. Mr. Spurgeon is perhaps the most successful evangelical preacher in the world, but he brings out all the grand doctrines of redemption. And we could cite the names of men in American pulpits as well who prove that a living orthodoxy is better for work and wear than any experimental dabbling among the vanities of the popular theology.

THE WISDOM OF THE SERPENT.

[From the Springfield Republican.]

THE discussions of the recent Convention of Young Men's Christian Associations evince the proportions of wisdom and folly usual to all conventions; in fact, the foolish counselors are perhaps fewer in numbers than the average representation of that party, but the particular folly to which they hold seems to be enough bigger to make it up.

The great question on which the convention was continually dividing against itself was the one which we have often discussed: Shall not the church people unite with all the better elements in our society to furnish to the lower classes and to the youth in a clean form the attractions now employed to lure them into the paths of vice? These attractions we all know the nature of. They all answer, in one form or another, the social craving of man. Boys like to be together and they like to be with girls, and men with women. The drinking-saloons and haunts of vice would not stand a moment if it were not for the longing of a tired world for social pleasure and recreation, of which they avail themselves. In this convention we see manifested more strongly than ever before a feeling that it is time that Christians contested, with the wicked and the demoralizing element in our life, the possession and use of these powerful agencies.

During an interesting discussion on the suppression of immoral literature, an Indianapolis man denounced the writings of Ralph Waldo Emerson and Theodore Parker, but the debate was quickly brought back to more pertinent issues. In the ensuing debate on "social temptations," the first speaker, who was also president of the convention, took ground nearly coincident with that of the *Republican*. Speaking of the gambling attendant upon college-boating, he thought it the more reason why reputable classes should attend the race and counteract the evils. Sheriff Thomas of Hamilton, N. Y., favored "counter-attraction" by billiard-rooms, bowling-alleys, etc.; Mr. Headley, of Amherst, wanted less squeamishness about availing of the co-operation of women; a Brooklyn clergyman testified that the association's rooms of that city, where women are admitted, "swarm like bee-hives," and are furnished with books, papers, pianos, etc. On the other hand, we have the opposite party, whose policy it is to regard everything not tending to the immediate salvation of souls as vanity. A Washington man was of the opinion that social attractions "do not tend to spiritualize young men," but do "lead them to talk nonsense to young ladies." These views met with little response. It does seem as if it were about time to abandon the notion that Christian duty is discharged by the singly direct attempt, successful or otherwise, to convert souls to Christ. We must learn not to despise gradual approximations to that end.

THE SONG OF DEGREES.

[From the Congregationalist.]

WE begin with the frank confession that we have not the faintest idea what this phrase really means. It floats about in our mind in the same misty vagueness with "Selah" and the father and mother of Melchizedek. But we used when a child—when we knew a great deal which has been revised since—to suppose that it was the psalm which was sung at college commencements, in the old time by the happy recipients of those ponderous and protuberant initials which stand for doctor of divinity. Of course it was a song of joy and praise, ending in "Hallelujahs long drawn out."

That kind of music is mainly confined to the period of the year when the dog star rages. Its voice is now heard in our land. Very sweet it seems to be to those who are able to sing it with the spirit, and with the understanding also—that is, with the understanding that their own personal kite has a new tail. It is astonishing how such a caudal appendage helps up to high places, especially in windy weather, and how much more "useful" a man is who is able to write himself the Rev. Deplorably Dull, D.D., than when he was merely plain Rev. D. Dull.

We regret to see that Harvard and Yale and Bowdoin, and several of our colleges, seem to have grown weary in this race for usefulness. It must be very trying to the graduates of Yale, especially, who are getting rather numerous in the land, to find how exceedingly little their old Alma Mater cares about their "usefulness," and how she fails to "boost" just when they want to climb. Perhaps it might be well to confer upon the school committees of our New England towns the power to "doctor" feeble-minded ministers; and then every church might rejoice, as Micah did, in having a Levite to its priest; and our college trustees be saved a deal of discomfort; while the land would resound from end to end with the song of degrees, as the cheerful croaking of the frogs in spring time makes music in all the green fields.

Books and Authors.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Orations and Addresses. By William Cullen Bryant. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

An eminent English critic, writing of Edmund Waller, has discoursed upon the great reputation that may be achieved in letters, simply by long life and a cool literary taste. The patriarch of American literature, whose latest book is now in our hands, is another illustration of this statement—if to the conditions of long life and a cool literary taste be added those of genius, a wise control of circumstances, and persistent fidelity to the intellectual principle.

Mr. Bryant is now seventy-nine years old, and no other period of his life has been more prolific in compositions of the highest order than the eighth decade of time through which he is now passing. But the most extraordinary fact about this extraordinary life is not only that its productiveness has extended into extreme old age, but that it began in extreme youth. We have examples in literature of men like Dryden, who bore his best fruit in his last years; but of him it must be said that in his first years he bore no fruit at all. Then, again, literature is full of the cases of men of precocious genius, who exhibited an astonishing intellectual splendor at an early age, but whose powers seemed to burn out in the process, and to conduct their possessors to speedy death or to a later life of impotence. But Bryant, who excites the admiration of this generation by the marvel of his genius burning undimmed in old age, excited the admiration of our grandfathers by the marvel of his genius already enkindled and radiant in his early youth. As far back as 1804, when he was but ten years old, he published translations from the Latin poets. In 1807, he wrote an effective political satire called *The Embargo*, which ran through two editions in a few months. The perfect poem of *Thanatopsis*, which may itself defy the power which it celebrates, was written when its author was only eighteen. A long literary life like this, that sheds a miraculous light at both extremes—that is as glorious for the long preservation of its powers as it is for the precocity with which they were first manifested—has an interest for us scarcely to be surpassed in the history of letters. It is a noble privilege to add that the literary activity of Mr. Bryant, thus astonishing for beginning so early and for continuing so late, forms but one side of a life which has been strenuous in professional labors, faithful and sweet in the privacies of home and of friendship, alert in attention to all the duties of a citizen, and which has from the first lent itself only to what is pure, dignified and humane in society.

Mr. Bryant's renown as a poet is so overshadowing that it may not at once be remembered that he deserves equal renown as a prose-writer. It is a complaint against him, now of nearly fifty years' standing, that he writes too little; but it should be added that whatever he does write is absolutely finished. His prose is no less artistic and exquisite than his verse; and in prose, so far as we have knowledge, he has

wrought in just three forms. The first is that of tales, of which he has given to the world but two brief specimens—*Medfield* and *The Skeleton Cave*. The second is the form of descriptions of people, customs and scenery; and here his contributions are *Letters of a Traveler*, and *Letters from Spain and other Countries*. Finally, a third and perhaps an unanticipated form, is that of orations actually spoken and afterward given to print.

The book which we now introduce to our readers is a collection of Mr. Bryant's very remarkable achievements in this third form of prose writing. It consists of fourteen "Miscellaneous Addresses," *i.e.*, short discourses called out by such occasions as the banquet to Kossuth, an exhibition of the New York Horticultural Society, the Schiller Festival, the celebration of his seventieth birth-day, the dinner to Professor Morse, the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Mercantile Library Association, and the unveiling of the Central Park statues to Morse, Shakespeare and Sir Walter Scott. These addresses are, in their way, simply gems of art. In their original utterance, they may not have produced any surprising effects, for Mr. Bryant has not the elocutionary qualities of an orator. But upon the printed page they stand as simply faultless examples of wise, affluent and most musical English prose.

They are, however, orations in miniature. Though they are composed with infinite delicacy and skill, and will long be studied for their sweetness and grace, they have not the length and breadth of canvas for the full exertion of their author's power. It is, therefore, to the five great commemorative "Orations" which take up the larger portion of the book that we must turn for the full gratification of our expectations. These orations deal successively with five illustrious names in American Art and Literature—Thomas Cole, Fenimore Cooper, Washington Irving, Fitz-Greene Halleck, and Gulian C. Verplanck.

Thomas Cole died in February, 1848. In the following May Mr. Bryant delivered his funeral oration before the National Academy of Design. We do not know how much the immediate hearers of the orator may have expected on that occasion; but however high may have been their anticipations, they could hardly have failed to be surprised at the almost incomparable merits of that discourse. If the gods were to come down from Olympus, and were to use the English language, this is the English language which they would use. A perfect knowledge of the life and traits of his friend, a tender reverence for him, a discriminating appreciation, every charm of literary allusion, and a prose-style of which, perhaps, only a great poet is capable—these are the characteristics of the oration with which the poet celebrated the life of the painter. It has every attribute of a great work of art. It is classical. It has all the subtile and elaborate perfection of an oration of Isocrates.

Those who heard and read that funeral oration on Thomas Cole could have had no doubt, when, four years later, Fenimore Cooper went to his grave, who should be the orator to pass in review his life. And in the same way, as Irving, Halleck and Verplanck, one after the other passed from life, this venerable poet—the intimate friend of all these men—has been summoned by their surviving associates to utter the words that should be fitting. And the words which he thus uttered, in response to these summons, are so wonderfully framed to the instructive and beautiful effects for which they were intended, that they greatly honor American literature, and belong to that portion of the world's intellectual wealth which cannot perish. Long may it be before Mr. Bryant's surviving associates shall need to call upon some one of their number to try to emulate Mr. Bryant in this high and solemn form of literary discourse!

ROBERT BROWNING.

Red Cotton Night-Cap Country; or, Turf and Towers. By Robert Browning. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

It is to be supposed that nearly every member of the English-speaking race, of adult years and tolerable culture, has, sometime or other, either read or attempted to read the longer poems of Robert Browning. For such there is in store no surprise and no disappointment in this new utterance of the poet's genius. It is as good and as bad as Mr. Browning's other poems—having all the original felicities and depravities for which the author has become distinguished, and by which he fills some readers with the supposition of an occasional poetic thought, and other readers with provocation and the blankness of despair. For the title of his new poem, Mr. Browning has hit upon a grotesque composite phrase, which needs explanation. This explanation he, in fact, bestows upon us, but in language which perhaps needs explaining quite as much as did the original obscurity which it darkens. He professes to be writing in a village of the western coast of France, Saint-Rambert,—

> "Meek, hitherto un-Murrayed bathing-place,
> Best loved of sea-coast-nook-full Normandy!"

To the quaint and somnolent region in which this village is situated, the friend whom he addresses had applied the name of "White Cotton Night-Cap Country." So bizarre and complex an epitaph precisely fits the poet's fancy; he catches it up, exults in it, and adopts it, with a change of color, as the title of his poem and as descriptive of all France. Such, at least, we humbly suppose to be the meaning, in part, of these lines, which indicate very fairly the average tone and style of the whole production—its jerky attempts at colloquial freedom, its failures in satire and in humor, its conscious smirk of superlative cleverness, its spasms and gasps of strained expression, its barbarizing liberties with the English language, and its impertinent propensity to make an obvious thought seem profound merely by sinking it out of sight in the mud:

> "Ah, in good truth! and did the drowsihead
> So suit, so soothe the learned loving eye,
> That you were minded to confer a crown,
> (Does not the poppy boast such?) call the land
> By one slow hither-thither stretching, fast
> Subsiding-into-slumber sort of name,
> Symbolic of the place and people too,
> White Cotton Night-Cap Country!' Excellent!
> For they do, all, dear women, young and old,
> Upon the heads of them bear notably
> This badge of soul and body in repose;
> Nor its fine thimble fits the acorn-top,
> Keeps woolly ward above that oval brown,
> Its placid feature, more than muffler makes
> A safeguard, circumvents intelligence
> In—what shall evermore be named and famed,
> If happy nomenclature aught avail,
> 'White Cotton Night-Cap Country.'"

A sagacious writer has attempted a new classification of the human family, the first division being composed of those who like Robert Browning, and the second of those who don't. It is possible that the acute reader will infer from the mild remarks we have just dropped, that we are willing to be enrolled among the rabble who don't. For Mr. Browning personally, it is impossible to feel anything but the highest respect. No doubt he is a gentleman and a scholar, a good citizen—going to church regularly, saying his prayers night and morning, and quite indisposed to defraud his landlady or his laundress. But as a poet he is a spectacle to excite lamentation and abhorrence. Even as a poet, we can see that there once were in him great possibilities for good—which, however, have had a monstrous misgrowth, and have turned almost wholly to what, in a literary sense, is evil. It appears to us that he violates nearly every intellectual and poetic law, and sins unpardonably against the trust of his readers and the rectitude of the human mind. Are there not certain traits of verbal expression incompatible with the idea of a great, cultivated, and healthy mind, just as there are traits of conduct which cannot coexist with an honest heart? For example, are not simplicity and lucidness in language the necessary marks of a great mind in a sound state? But the most of what Browning writes is totally devoid of simplicity and lucidness. His words are far-fetched and gratuitously difficult; and they are thrown together into a syntax which is confounding for its involutions, its contempt for natural sequence, its endless affectations, and its profusion of etymological puzzles and conundrums which, as a certain noble lord would say, "no fellow can find out." Charles Kingsley has accounted for much that is unwholesome and impotent in contemporaneous literary criticism by the despotism of the reigning literary fashion, and especially by the "fear of running counter to big names." The name of Robert Browning is, in sooth, a big one—bigger by far in these years than it will be after he is dead and his admirers have recovered their senses. In spite of the bigness of his name, however, it ought to be said that no one can reconcile the characteristics of his poetry with the notion of a well-conditioned intellect. To say of him, as the *Spectator* lately said of John Morley, that he is guilty of "the literary sin of singularity," is to make an indictment which falls far short of the case. There must be something fundamentally vicious or fundamentally diseased in the intellect of a man, originally endowed and accomplished like Robert Browning, who can go on in this fashion, book after book, with these rhythmic ravings of pedantry, caprice, jumbled discords, and of sense hard to be got at or not to be got at at all. We are not aware that his case has yet been brought before the medical experts; but it may be equitable, as well as charitable, to account for the grotesque literary phenomenon of Browningism upon a theory which is now made to cover a multitude of sins almost as bad. At any rate, it is a fair question for Dr. Hammond, whether Browningism be not a species of insanity—poetic insanity—requiring its chief author and victim to be restrained from going any longer at large in the Republic of Letters, and to be shut up, until completely cured, in the sumptuous and gentle imprisonment of a literary mad-house.

NOTES.

From Scribner, Welford & Armstrong we have received *A Legend of Montrose* and *The Black Dwarf*, these constituting the sixth volume of the Pocket Edition of the *Waverly Novels*.

The pleasant dash of celebrity which Dr. Mayo encountered, especially in England, by the publication of his novel of *Never Again*, has naturally suggested to his publishers the expediency of giving to the public the opportunity of observing the merits of earlier writings by the same author, which the world had originally allowed itself to overlook. To this circumstance, it is probable, are we indebted for the new edition of *The Berber*, or The Mountaineer of the Atlas, being a tale of Morocco, which first saw light just twenty-three years ago. It is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. It would not be accurate to say that all of Dr. Mayo's earlier writings failed of getting into notice; for *Kaloolah*, which, we believe, was his first book, had and still has great popularity, especially with young folks; and if we may trust our own juvenile delights in it, it deserves even more praise than it has ever got. Dr. Mayo is a novelist who is guilty of a sin extremely rare in that tribe of men and women: he has written too little.

Among the new books of the season, we notice several which have been written with the amiable intention of beguiling people out of the idea that labor is necessarily a curse. The particular form of labor which these books deal with is that which Adam and Eve engaged in when they occupied the garden of Eden. *Work, Play and Profit*, by Anna M. Hyde, is one of the attempts to spread butter on the dry crust of hard work. It is a pleasant story for boys and girls, ingeniously explaining with how much fun and advantage they may engage in the tasks of amateur gardening. Of this book, the publishers are J. B. Lippincott & Co. If Anna Hyde has tried to coax the children into garden-labors, Anna Warner has endeavored to do the same for older people, especially for the ladies. Her book, which is published by A. D. F. Randolph & Co., is entitled *Miss Tiller's Vegetable Garden*, and the Money she Made by it. The problem the author sets herself to solve is the oft-recurring one with most ladies, namely, how to get as much pocket-money as is desirable "for bread as for sugar-plums." Miss Warner thinks that gardening solves this problem "in the prettiest, daintiest way." But the pecuniary motive is not the only one to which she appeals. "The business is all full of sweet influences, healing and strengthening for both body and mind. You will find your cares grow light by the same work which makes your purse grow heavy. The very work itself in the open air and sunshine is a good not to be measured." Yet the breeziest and the most vigorous book of the sort of which we are now speaking is *Play and Profit in My Garden*, by the Rev. E. P. Roe, who has already made a fine reputation as a preacher, as a lecturer, and as the author of *Barriers Burned Away*. His new book, which comes from the house of Dodd & Mead, will greatly increase the number of his friends, and his own usefulness in the world. "In brief," he says, "it is my sincere conviction that a garden is good for humanity, and it is my wish to diffuse this belief as widely as possible." We have greatly mistaken the good sense and the attractiveness of this book if it do not have that effect.

It is not wholesome, we think, to increase the facilities by which illiterate or lazy people may make a parade of learning, and a false pretense of familiarity with literature. Undoubtedly there are some intellectual benefits to be had by people who will not read for themselves the works of the great poets, in having the brightest and most pregnant passages in English poetry culled out and set in orderly array; yet, believing the benefits to be more than weighed down by the evils, we do not commend the manufacture of such aids to indolence as dictionaries of poetic or prose quotations. Yet if this sort of thing must be done, it is right that it should be well done; and from this point of view we commend, without stint, Mr. S. Austin Allibone's *Poetical Quotations from Chaucer to Tennyson*, recently published with all the graces and splendors of book-making by J. B. Lippincott & Co. For our part, we cannot imagine anything more perfect, whether for use or show, than these generous and enterprising publishers have done in the book now before us. In paper, typography, and binding, *Poetical Quotations* deserves to be called magnificent. And as to the editor, he has done his work with the same minute industry and orderly zeal as characterized him in the compilation of his immense *Dictionary of Authors*. In the present work 550 authors are represented; and 435 subjects are dealt with, in 13,600 quotations. It is interesting to note some of the topics which Mr. Allibone has found most amply set forth in the poets. For example, upon "Morning" he has 152 passages, upon "Rivers" 94, upon "Birds" 260, upon "Youth" 227, upon "Sleep" 242, upon "Woman" 291, and upon "Love" 565. What dreadful affluence in poetical illustration this book will afford to all love-sick swains in inditing epistles expressive of the unutterable; and how many stump-speakers, orators at the bar, and members of Congress will be able to astonish the natives by their preternatural acquaintance with what the English poets have said of "Law," "Patriotism," and especially of "Virtue." Mr. Allibone's "Indexes" are always models of completeness and accuracy.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

[The receipt of all books delivered at the Editorial Rooms of this paper will be acknowledged in its earliest subsequent issue. Publishers will confer a favor by promptly advising us of any omission in this respect. Accompanying memoranda of prices are desirable in all cases.]

Authors and Titles.	*Publishers.*	*Price.*
"A Quiet Life and other Poems."	A. D. F. Randolph & Co.	$1 50
Blair, Walter. "Latin Pronunciation."	A. S. Barnes & Co.	1 00
Dickens, Charles. "New Stories."	T. B. Peterson & Bros.	25
Foster, J. W., "Pre-Historic Races of the United States."	S. C. Griggs & Co.	3 50
Fraser, John. "Scottish Chap-Books."	H. L. Hinton.	
Henry, C. S., "A Household Liturgy."	T. Whittaker.	50
Huxley, T. H., "Critiques and Addresses."	D. Appleton & Co.	
Johnson, Edwin. "The Mouth of Gold."	A. S. Barnes & Co.	1 00
Logan, Olive, "They Met by Chance."	Adams, Victor & Co.	
Muller, George. "The Life of Trust."	Gould & Lincoln.	1 75
"New England: A Hand-Book for Travelers."	Osgood & Co.	
Orton, Jas., "Liberal Education of Women."	A. S. Barnes & Co.	1 50
Palmer, Rev. "True Success in Life."	A. S. Barnes & Co.	1 25
"Points of History."	Patrick Donahue.	
Randolph, J. T., "The Heiress of Sweetwater."	T. B. Peterson.	
Savage, M. J., "Christianity the Science of Manhood."	Noyes, Holmes & Co.	
Smith, Edward, "Foods."	D. Appleton & Co.	
Turgénieff, Ivan, "Dimitri Roudine."	Holt & Williams.	1 25
Willson, D. B., "Historical Chart."	National Publishing Co.	

We have also received current numbers of the following Periodicals:

New Englander—Friends' Intelligencer—Christian Quarterly.

Business Department.

LIFE INSURANCE.

THE PHALANX OF DEATH.

IF one could only view, from some lofty eminence, the year's dead marching, in solid column, towards their graves, what a mighty host they would appear! It is estimated that 33,000,000 of the earth's inhabitants die every year. Placed in line, they would form a procession extending around the whole circumference of the globe, thirteen hundred to the mile. Imagine the spectacle, as with ceaseless tramp this array of men, women and children passed in review, with the seal of death on their foreheads. The mind shrinks from the contemplation of such a subject. And yet every day and every minute this procession is passing our very doors. From every street, in every city, and from every hamlet in the land, fresh recruits continually swell the mighty host that follows the King of Terrors. He beckons and they come, heedless of our tears, our prayers and our bewailing. Husbands leave wives and children to poverty and distress, and join the battalion of Death. Lovers part from their beloved, children are torn from their mothers' breasts, statesmen quit their offices, and kings throw down their scepters. The unseen power that hovers over our busy world, that invades our most sacred precincts, that is both terrible and merciless, that puts to naught the strength of the strongest and the wisdom of the wisest, comes to every one of us at the appointed time, and sweeps us from the face of the earth. We all know this and feel it, but how few shape their plans accordingly. How few, out of all these millions foredoomed to die each year, provide against the inevitable catastrophe. Men act in their business affairs as if they were to live forever. Death may befall others, but they seem to think it cannot them. We work on, and barter and scheme, and lay out ahead as if safe from the chances of accident or disease. And yet, examine the records of the United States Life Insurance Company, or any other prominent institution of like character, and see how many have died within a week or month after their lives were insured! Of all who read these lines, whose turn will it be next to join the phalanx of Death?

IMPORTANT TO INVESTORS.

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New York, July 23, 1873.

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HENRY WARD BEECHER, Editor.

The decision of Mr. Justice Blatchford, in the case of Mr. Charles A. Dana, that a citizen resident in a State is not under the jurisdiction of the petty police courts of Washington, nor liable to be dragged before them to be tried, without the intervention of a jury, upon a charge of libel, gives general satisfaction. The libel of which Mr. Dana stands accused was uttered in the New York *Sun*, of which he is the editor, and the courts here are open to the parties aggrieved. The notion that he could be taken to Washington, to be tried by a tribunal that cannot even summon a jury, is so absurd and monstrous that Judge Blatchford's warmth in resisting it was alike natural and creditable. A contrary decision would have been an outrage upon justice and an infraction of the liberty of the press. Mr. Dana's accusations against officers of the Government and others at the Capital may or may not have been libelous; as to that we express no opinion; but the attempt to take him to Washington, to be tried before a police court, was a proceeding which illustrates the despotic absurdity and folly of some would-be great men. They have met with a rebuke which we trust they will not soon forget.

The College Regatta gives occasion, first of all, for hearty congratulation to the whole body of students. The manhood and pluck of the crews was what all expected, but it was none the less admirable. Less to be hoped for was the absence of rowdyism and gambling which gave the most honorable distinction to the Springfield meeting. When our young men add to the athletic virtues of youth the higher qualities of self-control and courtesy that mark the true gentleman, the country has a right to be proud of them. As for Yale, she has won her laurels nobly. It is not only that she won in a struggle with ten gallant competitors; it is not only that by skill and resolution she triumphed over heavier muscle. The preparation for the victory was as honorable as its actual winning. Her men laid aside their traditional style of rowing; patiently unlearned an old habit, and trained themselves in a stroke which their captain had gone to England to learn. They gave up—as did Harvard and Williams—the customary professional trainer, who brings into the college life the bad atmosphere of the "sporting" world. They made no boast and no fuss, stuck quietly to their work, and aroused no expectation in their favor. The stuff that was in them first showed itself when, as the dusk was settling over the Connecticut, two boats drew ahead of the struggling throng, and close behind the famous "magenta" of Harvard was the blue of Yale. Then between the two old rivals came a splendid struggle, a tug into which was thrown every atom of life in twelve heroes,—and the blue won! One must be an old Yalensian to know all that that means. But in such a contest, defeat is only less glorious than victory, and the heroes of the day were not one crew only, but eleven.

THE FAITHFUL AND THE FAITHLESS.

ONE of the ill weeds which grows apace in the fierce heats of Spanish revolution is the secret society of the *Descamisados*—the shirtless. Naked and hungry men are apt to be intemperate of speech, perhaps because that is the only intemperance attainable without funds. But the pronunciamento of the *Descamisados* is of so explosive a character, that, if it were not obviously serious, it would suggest only the lamp-black and wooden-sword heroics of the dime novel. As it is, we have read nothing so pitiful as the defiance of these Furiosos for many a day.

"Disembarrassed," they declare, "from that bugbear which is called God, and his mission reduced to that of frightening children, we shall see the end of those industries called religions, which serve only to maintain those buffoons, the priests, whose mission consists in cheating and deceiving fools. This is our programme, but before it is put in practice, it is necessary that society should be purged. A blood-letting is indispensable—short, but grand and extraordinary. The putrid branches of the social tree are about to be cut off, in order that it may grow vigorous and sound. Such are our desires and our aspirations; and now that ye know them, tremble, ye citizens, for your tyranny is nearing its end! Make way for the *Descamisados!* Our black banner is unfurled. War to the family! War to property! War against God!"

It must be admitted that this declaration is rather blood-curdling, but before we ban the *Descamisados* with book and bell, justice demands whether anything can be said why sentence should not be passed. Archbishop Manning, of the Romish Church, lately declared that all the civil powers of the world tremble between the fates. On the one hand the Holy Catholic Church, heaven-or-dained and heaven-preserved, stands ready and able to make them her allies and messengers, establishing them thus on imperishable foundations. On the other hand, the secret societies, organizations of infidelity and free thought, stand ready and able, the protection of the Church being withdrawn, to topple them over into ruin. Between the two every civil government has to-day to choose.

In the name of a remedy, the Archbishop seems to us to have indicated the disease which has tainted all the Governments of Europe and developed the crisis of secret societies. It is this union of Church with State. The document of these *Descamisados* is a palimpsest, and under the names of the unknown riff-raff who sign it may be deciphered the *rubrica* of Torquemada, of Kaiser Karl, of Philip II., of Alva, of Lerma, of Charles the Bewitched, of the long list of priests and rulers who, with fagot and torture, have maintained that patriotism was obedience to the king's will, and that religion was fidelity to the Church's decree. Priesthood and sovereignty have for years played into each other's hands. The monarch was absolute for this world, holding his commission from the King of kings. The priesthood held the keys of heaven and hell, and the hardy fool who questioned their authority they burned with flames here and doomed to flames hereafter. Character and conduct had nothing to do with salvation; that the Church insured to all believers, and guaranteeing eternity for saintship, left them probation to sin in. The Spain of Philip II. was the empire of the world, but he could truly boast that it took only ten years of ax and fagot to purge his broad domain of heretics. And it is but fifty years since that system of conversion was wholly disused. Yet Philip died with his eyes upon the cross, an unquestioning devotee. The long procession of profligate, devout kings, of gluttonous, sensual, cruel, pious priests, has passed away in the full odor of sancitity.

Was it not inevitable, then, that a real piety and a real patriotism should have died out together? The decline in the temporal power of the priesthood has set free all that ribald and infidel spirit which fear of consequences has hitherto restrained. Superstition and tyranny always breed skepticism and revolt. And always their awful vengeance falls on the innocent more heavily than on the guilty. "When a nation ceases to fear God and honor the king," wrote Madame de Pompadour, "it becomes the lowest thing in Nature, and this is the condition of France at this time." So she went on in her splendid, profligate, orthodox way, this devout and cruel beauty, wasting revenues, incurring wars, grinding the poor, building oratories, embellishing Paris, as other kings' mistresses had done for centuries. She died at peace, and when her Louis departed this life some years later, he was still, despite his weakness and wickedness, Louis the Desired. It was only in the next reign that an inoffensive king, and a gentle, gracious queen, and innumerable innocent victims, were overwhelmed by the retribution which the Pompadour and the long line of her predecessors, Louis les Desirée and the long line of his predecessors, had prepared. So it is the better Spain, attempting, however feebly, to substitute reverence for God for fear of the Church, obedience to law for allegiance to the king, that the secret societies threaten and disruption menaces.

The devils that have rent Spain go not out save with violence. The theories and systems of twelve hundred years cannot be over-set without upheavings that shake down good things with the ill. But we confess that the proclamation of the *Descamisados*, with other mad fulminations of the time, seems to us more hopeful than baleful. The God whom they deny is the Being to whom the worship of an unclean church belonged, a Baal, a Moloch, a Tuisco. The priesthood they denounce is an order to which devout Spanish mothers hesitate to send their daughters in confession, lest their innocent maidenhood suffer evil suggestion. The property they rail against is a vast instrument in the hands of crown and clergy to imbrute and oppress the poor. The family, as they know it, is another engine for the advancement of the Church. To forswear allegiance to these forces implies that the poor blind Samson of the Spanish commonality begins to struggle with his withes.

Let us not be misunderstood. We arraign no man's individual faith. We declare that when that faith injures his neighbor in life, property, happiness, or reputation, it is proved not from God, but a force of evil. This is what the national belief of Spain has been for ages. And it is only when State and Church are wholly divorced that there will be hope for the nation. The irreligion of the *Shirtless* is less baleful than the religion of the *Cassocks*, of which it is the direct outcome. And He who shows infinite forbearance toward the false worships which daily slander Him may find the germ of a true faith hidden in the ugly husk of denial of the *Descamisados*.

FOLLOWING AND ABIDING.

IT is a strange school in which there is no progress, in which the same lessons are taught in the primary department and to the graduating class. Such a school does little good to the taught and little credit to the teacher. And yet there are many Christians who imagine that Christ's school is of this sort, and that there is a flavor of subtle infidelity in the suggestion that the Gospels contain anything different from the Pentateuch, or the closing chapters of the Gospel of John from the opening chapters of the Gospel of Matthew.

In truth, there is no more instructive lesson to be obtained from the Bible than that which is afforded by a study of its real contrasts and seeming contradictions.

In Christ's first interview with his future apostles his direction to them was very simple. It was, Follow me. This was his call to Peter and Andrew, James and John, by the Sea of Galilee; this his evangel to Matthew the publican, sitting at the receipt of custom. And when, long after, Peter proved himself more curious to know what fate the Lord had in store for John than zealous to know what duty was laid upon himself, Christ brought him back to learn again the first things by the reply: What is that to thee? follow thou me.

But this was the beginning, not the end. After three years of following, as the thorny path neared Gethsemane, the cross and the tomb, the Master's bidding changed. When, in the last sad, sweet interview with the twelve about the Paschal table, he attempted to prepare them for the experiences of sorrow that God was preparing for them, he no longer said, Follow me; his direction now was, Abide in me.

We hear much of following Christ; little of abiding in him. We call ourselves followers of Christ; blessed are they who make in him their abiding.

There are not a few ministers who never get farther in their ministry than the first call. Their New Testament appears to lack the fourteenth and fifteenth chapters of John. They point to Christ's life and character as an example, but not to his presence as a power. Follow, is always their cry; never, Abide. They call their preaching "practical;" but he who points to a present

Christ as one who saves his people from their sins appears to them a mystic.

There are many Christians who have heard Christ by the Sea of Galilee, but never in the upper chamber. They conscientiously follow him; they do not joyfully rest, abiding in him. Their life is one of toilsomeness. The very perfection of their Christ is their perpetual perplexity. He inspires their aspirations, but does not impart to them his strength. They are Christ's disciples, but they never get beyond the primary department. They have never learned the meaning of abide.

Following Christ is but the beginning of Christian experience; abiding is its consummation.

Trope, metaphor, figure are exhausted in setting before us our privilege and prerogative. Christ is our way, we are to walk in him; he is our garment, we are to be clothed with him; he is our ark, we are to be borne above the flood in him; he is our bread, we are to feed on him; he is our city of refuge, we are to find perfect safety from the avenger of blood with him. Or the metaphor is changed; he will abide in us. We are the temple, he dwells in us, making us holy; we are the house, he stands without and knocks to be admitted that he may sup with us; he is the husband, and we are married to him, to be separated no more from him forever.

We do not fulfill the meaning of these metaphors by merely following Christ, nor by occasional seasons of sweet communion with him. The branch should never be severed from the vine; the oil should never be suffered to go out from the lamp.

We all believe that Christ was with the twelve; that he inspired the words of Peter and the pen of Paul and John. But do we believe his declaration, Lo, I am with you *alway*, even unto the end of the world? We believe in the inspiration of the Epistles of Paul. But ye are God's epistles, known and read of all men. Do we believe in the inspiration that can save us from writing false doctrine by the dangerous eloquence of un-Christian living? He that denies or doubts the inspiration of the Bible is without the full strength which comes from the companionship of the Word of God; but he who denies or doubts the inspiration of an abiding Christ is without the great strength which comes from companionship with the Son of God. The same voice which calls in accents of command, Follow me, calls in accents of kindness and sympathy, Abide in me. The same voice which bids to stretch out the withered hand gives to it power. Blessed is he who obeys the command; twice blessed is he who accepts the proffered power.

INQUIRING FRIENDS.

Professor Tyndall is reported to have said, "Above all, avoid that question which ignorance so often addresses to genius—'What is the use of your work?'" Why should he avoid that question? His work may not be altogether useless, but is not any Christian who devotes his life to the work of saving souls doing far more good than this philosopher?

WE suppose Professor Tyndall thought it best to avoid the question of utility because people ask it narrowly. They want to see immediate and visible results. Every sort of enlightenment helps the progress of Christianity. The highest moral development is not possible without intellectual development. If learning were to decline, all the preaching in the world could not prevent the return of a darkness like that of the Middle Ages. Every philosopher who is discovering and revealing God's truth as it is written in God's works is doing the world high service. Let every man use the gift God has given him to help the world to a broader vision and a higher living. It is not for us to say which is better, this or that. Certain it is that all true knowledge and all sound intellectual culture are the friends of true religion, and the foes of superstition and fanaticism.

2. *Is the reading of works of fiction to be condemned?*

Exciting fiction, read for mere excitement's sake is always to be condemned. It is like drinking whisky to get intoxicated. But in our day the highest truths are taught in the best fiction.

3. *Has the Maine Liquor Law materially lessened the number of inebriates?*

There has been much debate as to the effect of prohibition in entirely preventing the sale of intoxicating drinks, but we think there cannot be the slightest doubt that it has largely lessened the number of habitual inebriates. We are, however, unable to give statistics.

4. A new convert, whose letter we are unable to condense into a question, is in great trouble about baptism. The Baptist minister, as he says, is endeavoring to get him to leave the Congregational church for the sake of immersion. He is also startled to find that certain pædo-baptist authors conclude immersion to have been the ancient mode of baptism. Now it matters not one iota to us whether this young convert remains a Congregationalist, content with the baptism of his childhood, or whether he joins the Baptists and is immersed, or the Tunkards and is triply plunged face downwards. Every man has a right to that form of baptism that will satisfy his own conscience and put him at rest. If he thinks that immersion is the form of baptism administered by Christ and the apostles, and that he must needs receive the rite in exactly the same manner, let him be immersed at once. For ourselves, we do not believe that the *form* of baptism will make him either better or worse in the sight of God. Christianity is too deep and radical to be a question of ceremonies. As for baptismal regeneration, on which our correspondent touches, that is foreign to the whole spirit of Christianity. Baptism is worth to you just what you get out of it, and no more. If in baptism you apprehend a solemn setting apart to God, a symbol of the inward rushing of the spirit, etc., then baptism is a benefit to you. But it has no mystic or talismanic power.

5. *I am quite deaf, and hear but little that my minister has to say. Ought I to remain at home and spend the time in reading, or go to church?*

You ought to use your own judgment about going to church, as about everything else. Which is most profitable to you and to others? Even a deaf man must get some good from mingling with other worshipers, though he understand not. But in all such matters the question of usefulness to yourself and others is paramount.

6. *If the Rev. Merrill Richardson's view, that there is a probation for all men after death, is not Scriptural, is it right to place over a congregation, as the teacher of youth and the guide of the doubtful, a man who holds a belief contrary to the teachings of the Bible?*

No intelligent candidate agrees with a Council in *everything*. Men differ as to what *is* scriptural. If the supposed error is not fundamental, if the candidate be not likely to give it undue prominence; above all, if the Council has had long knowledge of his prior honesty and of the blessing of God upon it, they may deem it wise, as Peter did, to follow the lead of Providence against their own prepossessions. We should not like to endorse any man who taught a demoralizing doctrine, but we do rejoice at every sign that men are becoming less and less prone to play the Pope and excommunicate others for opinion's sake.

8. *You say there is no law of God that forbids re-marriage after divorce——*

If the person who begins an inquiry in this fashion were not a lady, we should get cross and say something severe. We have *twice* stated that there is no law of God that forbids re-marriage after divorce *for adultery*. In the passage quoted by our fair friend from the nineteenth of Matthew, this cause for divorce is expressly excepted. Why will even ladies be obtuse?

9. *I am anxious to know whether there ever was such a pleasure excursion as that described by Mark Twain in "Innocents Abroad."*

We should not like to vouch for all the author says about that excursion—the weeping at the tomb of Adam, and the rest. We fear he is not accurate in details, but we believe there was an excursion, and we doubt not some of the stories are second cousins once removed to facts.

10. *Would you be kind enough to explain the text—"The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath"? I have heard the words quoted as a plea for Sabbath-breaking.*

This is a most illogical use of the text. If one may break the Sabbath, there is then no Sabbath at all; and how can it be said that it was made for man? The Sabbath was made for man's welfare, and is to be cherished on that account. What our Lord meant was that we are not to keep it so rigidly that it will become a source of weariness instead of a means of rest, not a blessing but a curse.

Very many questions are left unanswered for various reasons. We must be allowed to make our own selection.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

IN a letter to the President of the Haytian Republic, written in reply to one of a complimentary character from that high functionary, the Hon. Charles Sumner eloquently says: "In the history of mankind the crimes against the colored race will stand forth in terrible evidence, always observed and never forgotten. Just in proportion as civilization prevails will this enormous wrong be apparent in its true character, and men will read with astonishment how human beings guilty of only being blacks were sold into slavery, and then (such was the continuing injustice towards this unhappy people) how, when slavery ceased, they were still treated with indignity by persons whose lordly pretensions were founded on the skin only. As these things are seen in increasing light they will be condemned in no uncertain words, nor will the denial of equal rights on account of color escape the judgment awarded to slavery itself. Human conduct on this question is a measure of character. Where the African race is enslaved or degraded, where it is exposed to any indignity, or shut out from that equality which is a primal right of humanity—there civilization is still feeble. To the certain triumph of civilization I look with constant hope."

—The people of Sangamon county, Ill., propose to confer upon a lady, Miss Mary E. Lewis, the honors and emoluments of Superintendent of Public Schools. Upwards of one hundred leading citizens of Springfield have joined in a request to her to become a candidate for the office at the next election, and she has consented. It is intimated that she will be chosen by a nearly unanimous vote, her qualifications being unquestioned.

—The paralytic stroke received recently by Vice-President Wilson is more serious than it was first thought to be. It is on the right side, impairs the hearing, and disfigures the face. Physicians say that absolute rest for a year or two will be essential to his recovery. It is hoped, however, that he will be able to preside in the Senate next winter. Mr. Wilson has been a hard worker for many years, and it is by no means surprising that he should be assailed by a disease which has lately become very prevalent in this country.

—Thomas Nast, whose fine genius was so effective in the war upon the magnates of the "Tammany Ring," but who, in the heat of the late Presidential contest unfortunately appeared to have forgotten that a caricaturist, no less than a writer, is bound to keep truth on his side and avoid vulgar abuse, is conspicuously absent now from the pages of *Harper's Weekly*. No cartoon from his pencil has been seen in New York for some months past; but there is a report that he will enter the lecture field next winter under the management of James Redpath, and we are told that his lectures will be illustrated with sketches drawn in presence of the audience.

—Mr. Sumner informs persons who ask after his plans for the summer that he has accepted a number of invitations to visit friends at the seaside, in Massachusetts, but that he shall not take his departure from Washington until driven off by excessive heat. The Senator has engaged his old rooms at the Cooledge House in Boston, and he will make them his headquarters; but he will early pay a visit to his friend Longfellow, at Nahant, and will thence proceed to other watering-places in fulfillment of his engagements.

—Free return tickets on the Erie Railway will be issued at Elmira to persons in attendance on the National Educational Association, to be held there August 5th, 6th and 7th, to New York, Salamanca, Dunkirk, Buffalo, Suspension Bridge, Rochester and intermediate stations. These tickets are good to members of the Association only to the station from which one full fare was paid. The Lehigh Valley Railway will sell round trip tickets on Monday, August 4, good till Friday, August 8, at two-thirds of the regular fare. Excursion tickets to the Suspension Bridge will be sold at Elmira, for half the regular fare, or $4.25 for the round trip. These tickets valid till August 21st.

—The first case under the new "Civil Damage" temperance law of this State occurred at Oswego, where a woman notified a tavern-keeper that she would prosecute him for damages for the loss of time of her husband while drunk, and also for the recovery of a fine which had been imposed for drunkenness. The issue, however, was avoided by the tavern-keeper, who promptly paid the fine, and managed in this way to compromise the suit. This law bids fair, if properly enforced, to be quite as efficient an agency in behalf of the temperance cause as prohibition itself.

—We very gladly give place to the letter of our Scotch friend, Mr. Saunders, on the Educational question in its relations to the Government. We can readily understand the reluctance of men in Scotland, as well as our own country, to have all forms of religious worship and teaching excluded from the public schools. The apprehension of evil results to follow from such exclusion is altogether natural; but we think a careful consideration of the subject, in all its bearings, will serve to dissipate all fear. We do not hesitate to say that in this country the plan of supporting the schools by private subscription cannot be made to work. The people will never consent to have the schools subject to the conflicting caprices of the religious sects. They must be open to all on equal terms, and kept free of sectarian entanglements.

—Rev. F. H. Newhall, D.D., an eminent Methodist, replying, in *Zion's Herald*, to President Hovey's declaration that "St. Paul expressly enjoins silence upon women in Christian assemblies where men are present," and that this is "a universal divine law, binding upon the church of to-day," says: "Does not Paul prohibit a woman from public praise as well as public prayer? Can she sing Antioch and Coronation, and yet 'keep silence in the churches'? It is most certain that in St. Paul's day a mixed quartette, or choir, in the Corinthian Church, would have advertised the women who took part in it as immodest and disreputable. Are the great majority of our churches, then, trampling upon a plain precept of the New Testament in their service of praise? Are these thousands of our singing women offering Christ a service which is an offense unto Him? They are, if it is their duty to worship in silence. Again—where is the line between a private and public assembly? Is a woman to be allowed to speak to ninety-nine, and forbidden to speak to a hundred? If she talks to a little company in the ante-room, with such power and manifestation of the spirit as to draw in hungry souls enough to fill a parlor or two parlors, shall she be forbidden to

speak there? And if the house overflows, shall not the spirit be suffered to drive her to the vestry of the Church? At what point shall we stop her mouth? Is a woman to be permitted to relate her experience to a thousand, but forbidden to 'teach' half a dozen? In this city of Lynn, where I write, there is a weekly prayer-meeting attended by a congregation of five hundred, and a weekly preaching service attended by, say twenty-five. Is it perfectly right for a profoundly pious and profoundly cultured woman, like Sarah Smiley for instance, to relate her experience to the five hundred, and at the same time wicked for her to teach her 'lessons of the tabernacle' to the twenty-five? And how about our Bible classes? Would it be wicked in Mrs. Smiley, and 'usurping authority' over these shoemakers, for her to gather some of them and their wives together into a Bible class, and 'teach' the International Series? And how large may that Bible class be? If she could reach a hundred or a thousand with her voice, would it be wicked for her to try? Would Dr. Hovey or Dr. Hodge maul such a Bible class with the text, 'I suffer not a woman to teach"?

—Rhode Island has a constitutional provision by which persons not born in the United States are required to own a certain amount of real estate before they can vote, while natives are not subjected to the same condition. A case has been made up to test the compatibility of this provision with the Fifteenth Amendment of the Constitution of the United States, and there is reason to believe that it will be pronounced unconstitutional by the Supreme Court.

VISIT TO THE IOWA PENITENTIARY.

CHRISTIANS are not as careful as they ought to be to visit them "that are in prison," and to preach to them the Gospel of Christ. Since the day of Elizabeth Fry, the Friends have set their fellow-Christians a worthy example in this particular; and there is something in their quiet, simple, and earnest ways, their deep sympathy and manifest sincerity, that hardly ever fails to produce a marked impression upon prisoners, leading them to struggle bravely to overcome evil propensities and lead a worthier life.

We have before us a private letter from one of the sweetest and noblest Quaker women we ever knew—(we will not offend her modesty by mentioning her name)—giving an account of a visit made by a company of Friends—some of them Orthodox and some Hicksites, all in loving harmony—to the Iowa penitentiary at Fort Madison. Two hundred and fifty-two convicts listened with breathless interest to the tender admonitions spoken by the venerable Joseph A. Dugdale and others; and when the meeting was over, the Friends visited many of the prisoners in their cells and spoke to them in words of sympathy and love. The warden of the prison, in giving an account of this visit, says:

"I am convinced that the influence of this visit has been good upon the institution, and if this interest could be kept up by repeated visits of these good 'Friends' and other good men and ministers, who have the power of commanding the confidence and sympathy of these men, it would do more toward their reformation than any amount of punishment. The difficulty is to convince them that you are their friend, that you feel for and with them, and that their good and their future welfare is the sole object of your solicitude. That has been accomplished by this party of your citizens, and I repeat the prisoners' thanks to them."

The Quaker woman to whom we alluded above sends us the following poem, which she received from the warden. It was written by a prisoner:

THE CONVICT'S REMEMBRANCE OF HIS MOTHER.

Talk of *your* mother's Bible,
Of the pleasure it imparts:
And affection for her old arm-chair
May cling about your hearts;
I also have a treasure
With these I'll not compare,
'Tis all the token left me,
Is this lock of mother's hair.

As my treasure lies before me,
My thoughts are far away
To seasons of my childhood,
When I heard that mother pray;
Methinks I see her kneeling,
With face lit o'er with joy,
As she asked her Heavenly Father
For blessings on her boy.

Ah, well do I remember
The day I came away—
The head that wore this lock of hair
Upon my bosom lay!
These trembling words—her last adieu—
Ever in my ear have rung,
The parting kiss, I feel it yet—
With "God bless you! Oh, my son!"

As I tread this vale of sorrow,
Or o'er life's sea am driven,
This lock of hair shall be my guide
To lead me on toward heaven.
I know I shall meet mother!
When done with earthly care,
Will some kind friend on my bosom lay
This lock of mother's hair?

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

SANTA BARBARA, Cal., *June* 28, 1873.

Editor Christian Union:

IN your issue of June 4th, an article upon "Vital Statistics from the Ninth Census" contains the following pragraph:

"It has lately become the fashion to speak of Southern California as a paradise for consumptives. Nordhoff and other travelers have recommended this climate to invalids of this class in the highest terms. But with no little astonishment we find the valley of the Sacramento stained to the very deepest tint of blue upon the map, thereby denoting that over one-fifth of all the deaths in that region are from this dread disease. The San Joaquin valley is but a shade better, and even the section which includes Santa Barbara and San Diego, and which has been most highly praised by Nordhoff and others furnishes 900 to 1,400 deaths from consumption in the 10,000 from all causes. This rate equals that of Westchester and its adjoining counties in this State. Before this logic of figures the glowing descriptions of chance observers must go down."

This may be "the logic of figures," but is very far from being the logic of facts. It implies that the climate of Southern California causes phthisis to the same extent as does the region of Westchester, and strangely omits all reference to the fact that these deaths, enumerated by the census, were deaths from consumption, which originated elsewhere, and came hither in the advanced stages of the disease.

For example, the same steamer which brought me to Santa Barbara brought a young man from Ohio. He was in the last stage of pulmonary disease, and died on the fifth day after we landed. This death, being only reported, will go to deepen the blue tint of the next series of maps put forth by the Census Bureau, and may be used to convince the readers of the *Christian Union* that the death-rate in Southern California from consumption is equal to that of New England. Probably a dozen deaths from consumption have occurred during my eight months' residence here, but in every instance they were persons who had the disease fatally fastened upon them elsewhere, and *came too late*. Over against each instance of that kind may be placed a score that have received partial or complete restoration, but which do not appear in the vital statistics from the ninth census.

Southern California abounds in consumption in just the same way that Bellevue Hospital abounds in diseases of all kinds. I am what the article quoted terms a "chance observer," yet after diligent inquiry I have not yet learned of a single case of pulmonary disease which had its origin here. It is a very moderate estimate which sets down 95 per cent. of the blue tint, with which the compilers of the census have overshadowed this region, as belonging to the states east of the Rocky Mountains. Of the "1,400 deaths from consumption," credited to this portion of the Pacific coast, at least 1,350 belong to the death-roll of the Eastern States. Hundreds of people come here at the point of death; the census counts their graves; the *Christian Union* lifts its warning voice with the inference that Southern California has "a death-rate from consumption equal to Westchester and adjacent counties," and the statement passes for "the logic of figures!"

The lesson which these figures should be made to teach is this: the time when the consumptive patient can reasonably expect benefit from climatal change is in the incipient stages of the disease. Patients who can ride in the saddle, or take a wagon and a tent, as Nordhoff recommends, and drive from San Diego to Stockton, will find this a "paradise for consumptives." With absolute freedom from malaria (I know this to be true, so far as the vicinity of Santa Barbara is concerned); with opportunity to select one's location in regard to altitude, distance from the sea, and resultant dryness of atmosphere; with a mean annual temperature of 60° (53° in the winter months, and 67° in the summer); with an average rainfall of only fifteen inches; with scenery which takes in the mountains and the ocean in one sweep of the eye; with good society and excellent schools, it is no wonder that invalids flock hither in throngs. Many will continue to come too late, and will enhance the death-rate to be reported in the next census; more will find healing and restoration.

J. W. HOUGH.

MISS ANTHONY'S CASE.

NEW YORK, *July* 11, 1873.

Editor Christian Union:

DEAR SIR:—In your issue of July 2d inst. you say, p. 15:

"Judge Hunt's decision in Miss Anthony's case receives general approval; but there is a good deal of protest against his giving the jury peremptory directions to find a verdict of guilty, not allowing them to decide for themselves on any of the points involved. To laymen in the law, certainly, this course seems unjustifiable."

Now, is the *Christian Union* unacquainted with the fundamental principle of jury trials, that it is the province of the jury to pass upon *questions of fact*, while all *questions of law* are decided by the judge?

In Miss Anthony's case there was nothing before the court but a pure question of law, viz., Is Art II. Section 1 of the Constitution of the State of New York, which confines the suffrage to "males," at variance with the Constitution of the United States? Miss Anthony violated the law of the State intentionally and deliberately, as she openly avowed, and when brought to trial, her only defense was that the law was unconstitutional. Here was nothing whatever to go to the jury. To submit to them a question of constitutional construction would be a monstrosity in jurisprudence. The judge was bound to decide the point, and did so in an opinion too obviously sound to be gainsaid.

There seems to be much "darkening of counsel" in this matter; but surely the *Christian Union* should not utter "words without knowledge."

Most respectfully yours,

S. H. THAYER, JR.,
150 Nassau Street, N. Y.

EDUCATION AND THE STATE.

BRAMBLE BANK, Blairgowrie, Scotland, *June* 25, 1873.

To the Editor of the Christian Union:

SIR: I desire to thank you with all my heart for the thoughtful article on the Education Question, in your June 11th number, by the Rev. H. D. Catlin. In Scotland, we have, this year, begun to work our new National Education Bill; and although it was carried by the Government of Mr. Gladstone, and was one of the great measures he has carried into law, we already begin to fear that we are, as you Americans would say, on the wrong track. Our Scotch Bill gives every parish the right to elect a School Board. This Board appoints the teacher, and levies a rate. Keen contests have been the result at almost every election in Scotland; and extreme party men have been carried almost everywhere. The Scottish people, as a whole, desire a religious education in the common schools. They wish a grand, God-fearing man to teach their children. They wish the school opened with prayer, the lessons to be pervaded by a loving, Christ-like spirit all through. The old Shorter Catechism, which has done so much to mold the mind, as well as the theology of Scotland, they wish yet, even in this enlightened age, to be taught in the common day-schools.

We want our children to eat bread and butter; not to eat the bread first, and then have to swallow the butter by itself. We don't want secular teaching all day by the teacher, and then some bit of religious teaching stuck on to the end of it. We want a man to teach who will put his soul into the work.

Fancy a man like Henry Ward Beecher forced to be a schoolmaster, and compelled to hold his tongue about religion. He couldn't do it. We do not think religion is one thing, and life, history, work, another. We believe that in the making of a steel-hammer Mr. Maydole put his religion into the steel. We don't want our children to imagine for a moment that religion is one thing and every-day life is another.

Now, our case in Scotland is the same as yours in America. In Dundee, Glasgow, and other towns, thousands of our good workers are our Irish Roman Catholic brethren. They have their opinions; we have ours. On our School Boards many Roman Catholic priests have been placed by the Irish vote, and we are in a difficulty. Shall we tax the people for secular education? No! for neither Catholic nor Scottish Protestant wishes that. Shall we tax the people for a Protestant school? Impossible! for that is to repeat the evil of Irish misrule over again, and to tax men for a religion they do not believe. Shall we try and make the school as *secular* as possible, and leave the religious teaching to the ministers and the priests? Neither the Free Church nor the Catholic Church desire this. The true solution seems to be that of your able contributor: "That the State shall enforce, under severe penalties, the attendance, under certain conditions, of all children between certain ages at school. . . . And that the schools shall be supported by *private*, not public funds."

Our Factory and Work-shop Acts might be made greatly useful in this way. Make the test of passing as a full-timer an *education* as well as an age test. Leave the parents to provide the bread and butter. But say firmly to selfish, drunken rascals who would deny their children education: "We shall punish you, and your children shall not be forced by you to work that they may earn wages to enable you to spend more on your lusts. Your children shall not be permitted to earn wages as full-time workers till you have paid for their schooling."

Such a test would reach a vast mass of our neglected population.

I believe, with your correspondent, that very few working-men in Scotland or in America are unable to educate their children. Although every Education Bill were burned in the fire to-morrow, every sober family in Scotland would be educated all the same—perhaps better.

Drunkenness has much to do with ignorance; and the true attitude for the State to assume is this: Provide yourselves with whiskey, if you will, but educate your children you must. In a great, free country we shall not suffer you to raise a brood of ignorant children. We shall punish you, and that sharply, if you dare to commit that crime against the State. And, sir, if there is not as much humanity and love in the Christianity of America and of Scotland as to provide ample means for the education of the truly poor—the orphan and the fatherless—it is about time to cease to call ourselves Christian nations.

I should feel proud if these lines are thought worthy of a corner in the *Christian Union*.

I differ from you on almost every subject you touch; and yet, since a Scotch friend compelled me to subscribe for the *Christian Union* and the *Plymouth Pulpit*, I feel as if I could not want for either. Even

in this distant Perthshire glen, we welcome with pleasure these American papers, and feel that the warm human heart of our own Guthrie, as well as the catholic love of our Macleod, have their counterpart in the noble Christian men and women who fill the pages of our welcome *Christian Union*.

I am, sir, yours very truly,

DAVID H. SAUNDERS.

URSULA SHERMAN.

BY HENRY GILLMAN.

THE trumpet-vine through its golden throat
Has swelled the praise of the summer;
With swinging bells and motley coat
The turncap plays the mummer:
And over the garden rare perfumes float,
For the rose is no idle comer.
But with head bent low to her daily toil
She heeds not the day's proud splendor.
Ah, why is the world unmerciful
To one so pale and slender?
In the dull pauses of her task
She ever glances seaward,
Over the rocks where the lizards bask,
And she notes that the wind is leeward;
At each passing step her cheek flushes bright;
But the sultry afternoon
Falls and melts into silent night;
Then she cries as her spirits swoon:
"My life once cheerily
Went in pleasant ways.
Now the days pass drearily—
Drearily pass the days."

She rises in the morning prime,
And looks from the beacon tower;
And at eve, the old accustomed time,
She is true to the very hour,
And blushes like one detected in crime
As she kisses a withered flower.
She lists to the waves as they break at her feet,
For her they have something to say;
But she passes the crowd in the market street,
Turning her head away.
She knows that the neighbors mutter—"Why mope,
And spend your life forlorn?
'Tis only hoping against hope,
For one who will not return."
She says—"I know he will come to-day;
It will not be as before."
But the twilight melts into evening gray;
And she cries—for her heart is sore—
"My life once cheerily
Went in pleasant ways;
Now the days pass drearily—
Drearily pass the days."

She turns to her silent, faded room,
And covers her face with her hand;
Shadow on shadow, and gloom upon gloom,
And the hungry heart's demand
Unsatisfied, and her girlish bloom
Wasted long ago. Yet 'twas planned
By a wiser than we. For even now
Her sailor comes, as she weeps,
And, bending over her, kisses her brow.
And into his arms she creeps—
A hunted bird that has found its mate.
Love's clasp of ecstacy
Circles the soul, once desolate,
With gladness we may not see—
Such gladness as comes but once in life,
To make us believe in heaven.
And the sorrowful maid is the radiant wife,
To whose lips these words are given:
"My life once drearily
Went in darkened ways;
Now the days pass cheerily—
Cheerily pass the days."

HISTORY OF OPINIONS

ON THE

SCRIPTURAL DOCTRINE OF RETRIBUTION.

BY EDWARD BEECHER, D.D.

NO. 7.

THE PSALMS AND THE PROPHETS.

IN our remarks on the Patriarchs and Moses, we said that the union with an immortal God, in a covenant, and in carrying out a plan for eternal ages, tended directly to a belief in eternal life and endless retributions. The want of any recorded early belief of this kind we explained by the fact that the experience of the early ages lacked a poet like David to record it in sacred songs. But we proved, by the testimony of the Epistle to the Hebrews, sustained by coincident historic evidence, that such an experience did exist.

THE BOOK OF PSALMS.

But as soon as we come to the Book of Psalms, all doubt on this question is removed. The tendency which we alleged is there seen in its full development. We do not commonly realize the magnitude of the change effected by David when he introduced into the worship of God the singing of psalms. For centuries the Mosaic ritual had been observed without this act of worship. Moses made no provision for it; only one of the psalms is ascribed to him, and there is no evidence that even that one was sung until the time of David. But as soon as we enter the Book of Psalms, the wanting element of recorded religious experience appears in full power.

Now, what we stated of the tendency of a covenant with an immortal God, and with reference to an eternal plan to produce the belief of eternal life with him, is fully verified. There is disclosed a doctrine of immortality, and of eternal rewards, that has its roots in the covenant of God with the fathers. It is our purpose to prove that this doctrine of eternal life and future retributions is, in fact, found in the Book of Psalms, and that it has its roots in a system essentially unlike that of the Zend Avesta, and cannot be traced to Persia.

GROUNDS OF BELIEF IN IMMORTALITY.

But before doing this it will be expedient to consider the real foundations of any reliable belief in immortality. Plato sought to find them in the inherent nature of the deathless soul, existing from eternity to eternity. Others have sought them in the aspirations of the soul, and the imperfect development of retribution in this life. But the fundamental positions of the system of the Bible are not of this kind. It does not recognize, nay, it expressly denies, the natural and inherent immortality of the soul. It assures us that God only hath immortality (1 Tim. vi. 16). By this we understand that he only has immortality in the highest sense—that is, inherent immortality. All existences besides himself he created, and he upholds. Men are not, as Plato taught, self-existent, eternal beings, immortal by their very nature. There is no such being except one, and that is God. There is no inherent immortality of the soul in this sense. What God created he sustains in being, and can annihilate if he will. It is by his will that we live, and move, and have our being.

The true and only sure basis of eternal existence is found in the fact that God is immortal, and chooses to have an eternal system, in which his rational creatures can know and love him and co-operate with him in his eternal plan. So long as God wills this, he will render immortal those intelligent moral beings who are involved in his plan. His will, his power, and not their inherent nature, is the pledge of their immortality. How, then, under such a God can the highest assurance of immortality be given? Not by philosophical reasoning on the nature of mind. God himself must give it. He must reveal himself as immortal; he must disclose an eternal plan; he must take his intelligent creatures into covenant relation with himself; he must reveal himself to them as their portion and their God; he must disclose to them the eternal plan in which they are to co-operate with him, and give them the assurance that their action with him is to be eternal. Let this be done, and there will be the highest possible assurance of immortality. It rests upon the assurance of the immortality of God and the eternity of his kingdom, and that he is the God and the eternal portion of the soul.

SO IN THE PSALMS: NOT IN THE ZEND AVESTA.

Now, it is in this way that the assurance of immortality is in fact given in the Book of Psalms, and it is given on grounds which the Zend Avesta does not furnish, but rather contradicts. We shall not attempt a full contrast of the two systems. We shall only consider the God of the Bible and of the Zend Avesta as centers of systems. The Oromasdes of the Zend Avesta differs essentially from the Jehovah of the Bible. He is not self-existent, but is derived—as is also Ahriman, his antagonist—from Zervan Akerane. Hence, in the Zend Avesta they are called *twins*. Of these twins, the progeny of Zervan Akerane, one turns to good, the other to evil, and hence the conflict between them. Hence, if gods, they are derived and created gods. And although the work of creation is ascribed to Oromasdes, it is limited to this earth and men and good spirits. The firmament and heavenly bodies he did not create. They are praised in the Zend Avesta as self-existent and eternal. To Ahriman, also, creative power is ascribed. He created evil spirits, the devas, to oppose the good spirits of Oromasdes. Moreover, the praise, not to say worship, given to the heavenly bodies and the elements and the good spirits, though the supremacy is verbally given to Oromasdes, is opposed to the all-pervading spirit of the Bible, which presents Jehovah as the creator and upholder of all beings and worlds, and as the supreme and only proper object of worship. The comparison could easily be carried farther, evincing that, though there are some points of similarity, yet the systems are essentially antagonistic in their fundamental elements. In particular, the great idea of a Messiah, *who is God incarnate*, which is the essence of Christianity, is wanting. Moreover, Zervan Akerane, from whom Oromasdes, the chief acting god, is derived, is worshiped but rarely, if at all. So inconsistent is the Zoroastrian system with itself.

PROBABLE ORIGIN OF ZOROASTRIANISM.

It is not improbable, however, that the system began as a system of pure dualism, teaching the existence of two self-existent and eternal gods, one good and the other evil, each having creative power, the one creating good spirits and the other evil. This system may have been, and probably was, modified by contact with other systems, and reduced to a unity in Zervan Akerane, who was represented as the father of Oromasdes and Ahriman. At the same time their creative power was not taken away from them, and, as before, Oromasdes is worshiped as the main and active God, whilst the worship of Zervan Akerane, who was merely a philosophic center of origin and unity, remained undeveloped.

SYSTEM OF THE BIBLE.

The system of the Bible is not distracted by any such contradictory elements, but is essentially monotheistic, and gives rise to its own consistent doctrine of eternal life and retributions.

In the first place, all the elements of the assurance of eternal life are presented in the most perfect devotional and experimental forms that are found in the language of man.

CREATION.

In contradistinction to the Zend Avesta, which ascribes to Oromasdes, the good divinity, only a limited creation, *i.e.*, of the earth, good spirits and men, whilst the higher lights are without a beginning and self-existent, the Psalms thus praise God as creator of all. "Praise ye the Lord from the heavens; praise him in the heights; praise ye him all his angels; praise ye him all his hosts; praise ye him *sun* and *moon*; praise him *all ye stars of light*; praise him *ye heavens of heavens*, and ye waters that be above the heavens. Let them praise the name of the Lord, *for he commanded and they were created*." In like manner, the creation of man and of this lower world, and the divine supremacy in them are not only narrated historically, but celebrated poetically in strains of unequaled sublimity and beauty.

GOD'S KINGDOM UNIVERSAL AND ETERNAL.

The absolute universality of God's kingdom and the eternity of his plans are also declared in the highest strains of devotion.

"All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord, and thy saints shall bless thee. They shall speak of the glory of thy kingdom, and talk of thy power, to make known to the sons of men his mighty acts, and the glorious majesty of his kingdom. Thy kingdom is an *everlasting* kingdom, and thy dominion endureth *through all generations*." Ps. cxlv. 10-13. "The Lord shall reign *for ever*, even thy God, O Zion, unto all generations, praise ye the Lord." Ps. cxlvi. 10. God, too, by a beautiful metaphor, is described as the dwelling place of his children in all generations, and we are told that those who love him shall dwell in the secret place of the most High, and abide beneath the shadow of the Almighty.

COMMUNION WITH GOD.

The personality of God and his self-revealing power are presented in full action, disclosing a character not only of holiness, power and wisdom, but of condescension, love, sympathy, tenderness, compassion and forgiveness, that removes fear, perfects faith, and gives a full and experimental knowledge of God and communion with him in all his glorious perfections which fills the soul with unutterable joy. Neither in the Zend Avesta, nor in Plato, do we find any such full, experimental, joyful knowledge of and intimate communion with a present, loving, self-revealing God.

It is such an experience that gives rise to such utterances as these: "With thee is the fountain of life, in thy light shall we see light." Ps. xxxvi. 9. "Because thy loving-kindness is better than life, my lips shall praise thee. Thus will I bless thee while I live. I will lift up my hands in thy name. My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness; and my mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips; when I remember thee upon my bed, and meditate on thee in the night watches. Because thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice. My soul followeth hard after thee, thy right hand upholdeth me." Ps. lxiii. 3-8.

ALL THE ELEMENTS COMBINED.

Now here are all the elements of a profound and perfect certainty of eternal life. Here is an immortal and eternal God, the creator, upholder, ruler of all things. Here is an eternal plan, an eternal kingdom, here are men who know and love this God, and are in covenant with him, and are co-operating with him in intimate fellowship as his instruments in carrying out his eternal plans. Is it not an intuition of the soul that they too must be immortal? Does not the very idea of a divine eternal plan demand it?

But, it will be said, why leave it to intuition or inference? Why not fully reveal and declare it? Why not combine all these elements in an explicit declaration of the full assurance of eternal life in God?

EXPLICIT DECLARATIONS.

To this we reply, all these elements are combined not in one, but in many explicit declarations of the full assurance of eternal life in God.

Why, then, it may be said, have they been overlooked? Why has it been represented as doubtful whether the Old Testament saints had a full assurance of eternal life in God?

We reply, because such declarations occur not in abstract metaphysical and philosophical forms, but in the form of religious experience, and of lofty and intense devotion. True, there is neither reason or philosophy in ignoring them for this reason. For it is undeniably true that the highest forms of devotion in communion with God involve not only the highest and noblest emotions of the soul, but the highest and most philosophical intuitions of truth. There cannot be a higher form of intellectual philosophy than full communion with God. For if God is a personal, a loving God, if he has a self-revealing power, if he can make his presence and love a reality, if he can give the assurance of eternal life in that love, then the most highly devotional passages are the very place where we should expect to find a glowing declaration of the assurance of eternal life in the love of God.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Out of many such declarations take one, and examine it critically, and see what it can be except an un-

equivocal declaration of the firm belief of eternal life in the love of God.

In the seventy-third Psalm, after describing the assaults of unbelief and the victory of faith, the Psalmist thus proceeds, "Nevertheless, I am continually with thee, thou hast holden me by my right hand. Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory. Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none upon earth whom I desire besides thee. My flesh and my heart fail, but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion forever." Weigh well the import of those few words, "GOD IS MY PORTION FOREVER," and can the full belief of eternal life, in the love of God, be more clearly, or more joyfully declared? Nor is this a solitary instance. There are numerous declarations of a similar import in the book of Psalms. Listen to some of them.

"Thou wilt show me the path of life; in thy presence is fullness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures forevermore."—Ps. xvi. 11.

"He asked life of thee, and thou gavest it him, even length of days forever and ever."—Ps. xxi. 4.

"They shall praise the Lord that seek him, your heart shall live forever."—Ps. xxii. 26.

"Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."—Ps. xxiii. 6.

"O Lord, my God, I will give thanks unto thee forever."—Ps. xxx. 12.

"This God is our God, forever and ever."—Ps. xlviii. 14.

"God will redeem my soul from the power of the grave, for he will receive me."—Ps. xlix. 15.

"I trust in the mercy of God, forever and ever. I will praise thee forever."—Ps. lii. 8, 9.

"I will abide in thy tabernacle forever. I shall abide before God forever. I will sing praise unto thy name forever."—Ps. lxi. 4, 7, 8.

"I will declare forever; I will sing praises to the God of Jacob."—Ps. lxxv. 9.

"We will bless the Lord from this time forth and forever more."—Ps. cxv. 18.

"Let Israel hope in the Lord, from henceforth and forever."—Ps. cxxxi. 3.

"The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me; thy mercy, O Lord, endureth forever; forsake not the work of thine own hands."—Ps. cxxxviii. 8.

"Lead me in the way everlasting."—Ps. cxxxix. 24.

In these passages we have but a specimen of the hope of eternal life caused by a self-revealing power of God, and communion with him as a covenant God and portion in an eternal plan. In one of them is also expressed the hope of a resurrection from the grave.—Ps. xlix. 15. The same hope is expressed in Is. xxvi. 19, and in Hos. xviii. 14; Dan. xxii. 2, 3.

There is also implied in all these passages a retribution of evil to those who are not in communion with God, but at enmity with him. Indeed this is expressly stated in Ps. lxxiii. 17-20, and in other places. It is true that the retribution of evil is indefinite as to duration and locality. Nor is the idea of locality prominent in the case of the good. The leading idea is eternal life in God, and with God, wherever he may be. In the words of Moses, God is the dwelling-place of the holy soul for ever.

PROVERBS.

The idea of retribution in a future life for the good and the bad is also found in the proverbs of popular life as well as in the records of devotion. We are told that "the wicked is driven away in his wickedness, but the righteous hath hope in his death;" and again, "When a wicked man dieth, his expectation shall perish, but the righteous hath hope in his death." (Prov. xi. 7, 14, 32).

We have thus traced the river of belief that we saw from the mountain tops of the age of the Maccabees. We have found its sources not in Persia, but in the revelations of God to his covenant people, beginning in the earliest ages, and coming down the tracks of time.

We propose next to trace the stream to the days of Christ and then through the Christian ages

PALESTINE EXPLORATION SOCIETY.

LIEUT. STEEVER, U. S. A., Commanding the "Palestine Exploring Expedition," writes from Syria under date of June 14th, showing a most gratifying result of the season's work in Moab. A base-line of five miles has been located and satisfactorily measured fifteen miles from Hesbân. Suitable trigonometrical points have been established, nearly four hundred square miles, actually triangulated, and the detail including the hill-shading almost completed. The height of all important points within the triangulation has been ascertained, and the elevation above the level of the Dead and Mediterrean Seas well established. Meteorological observations have been regularly taken and noted. The amount of work done in this department alone seems almost incredible. The party reached the field about the first of April. The camp was established at Hesbân, fifteen miles from the base-line, rendering a long ride necessary to and from the camp, that being the nearest point at which water could be found. The Bedawin annoyed not a little by destroying the cairns, being persuaded that they were land-marks by which the country was to be parceled out to those who were to come after and possess the land by driving out the present inhabitants. The mirage, too, was frequently so dense as to make repeated observations necessary—yet the information obtained is an invaluable addition to the present geographical knowledge of this region. It is found that the maps extant of this country are utterly worthless and untrustworthy.

In the Department of Archæology and Biblical Research, the expedition has not been less diligent and successful. Prof. Paine has collected here a fund of scientific and archæological facts, to say nothing of his discoveries at Nahr el Kelb. The identification of Nebo and Pisgah has especially engaged his attention. He has prepared a voluminous report on these questions, which has been transmitted through the official channels, and will soon reach this country. Lieut. Steever advises resumption of work in the autumn rather than wait the coming spring. The time in summer quarters, to which the heat would soon drive them, will be employed in working up the material collected, and in arranging for the coming campaign.

The expedition has acquitted itself well. Shall it be sustained, is the question to be decided by the patrons and friends of the society? Shall the work so auspiciously inaugurated be abandoned? Money is needed, and at once. One or more assistants in the Engineer Department will be required, and some additional instruments. Money also is needed to publish to the world the fund of material already collected. Will not the lovers of science and the Bible rally promptly to the support of this great work which "concerns equally the interests of science and the interests of religion?"

Remittances may be made to Prof. R. D. Hitchcock, D.D., 9 University Place, or to the Treasurer, J. Stokes, Jr., 104 John Street, New York.

Further information may be obtained by addressing N. C. White, General Agent, 26 Exchange Place, room 14, New York City.

The Church.

HOME.

"Unbearable honor" is what the Rev. Richard Hargrave, of Lafayette, Ind., calls the degree of D.D., just conferred upon him, but which, acting under the dictates, as he says, of his best judgment and manhood rights, he declines for the second time in his life.

Some person, too modest to give his name, has sent a check for ten thousand dollars to the Baptist Home Mission Society toward endowing one of the Freedmen Schools under its charge, and we see that Mr. Corcoran, the wealthy banker of Washington, donates thirty-six thousand acres of land in Texas and ten thousand in Mississippi for the uses of the Episcopal Church in those States. The South calls for many more individual or public gifts of this sort.

Another woman in the pulpit—but this time the exigencies of the moment called her there. Her husband, the Rev. Clarence Fowler, pastor of the Unitarian Church in Laconia, N. H., having been taken suddenly sick on a Sunday morning not long since, she occupied the platform and conducted the services in his place unannounced; and, says the town paper, "she bore herself with the modesty of a blushing school-girl combined with the ease and dignity of a pulpit veteran."

The Rev. Mr. Mulford, an Episcopal clergyman of Troy, is reported, by the Albany *Journal*, to have undertaken a novel mission, in the interviewing of saloon-keepers, with the object of inducing them to close their places voluntarily on the Sabbath. In a published letter he states that he found but one voice among them on the subject—that nearly all were willing to close their bars on Sunday in case the movement is made general. The public-spirited rector therefore appeals to the people of Troy to aid him in this new moral persuasion movement, instead of attempting to stop the Sunday liquor traffic by law and force, as is contemplated.

Minnesota papers note the movements of the Mennonite Commissioners from Russia and Prussia, who are now in the Northwest looking up the best spots for settling colonies of their people. It is represented that some forty thousand of this sect are meditating emigration to this country, and are only awaiting the reports of their commissioners. Many German Lutherans also stand ready to come over. These are all a quiet, industrious people, strong in their religious faith, and just such a class as our new West needs.

It is too soon yet to say that responsive worship, such as is adopted by Rev. Dr. Storrs's and Buddington's churches in Brooklyn, bids fair to come into general practice among the Congregationalists. A correspondent of the *Congregationalist* in this State seems to discover signs of the future popularity of this form of service, and he mentions its use in Rev. Edward Taylor's church in Binghamton, but the innovation must move slowly, if it can be called an innovation; it is simply the alternate reading of the verses of the Psalms by pastor and people as a part of the regular Sabbath service.

There are now nine Presbyterian churches established at various points on the Sioux reservations, numbering not far from seven hundred and fifty members. Their Presbytery met in June, at the Yankton reserve, elected Rev. Artemas Ehuamani, a native pastor, moderator, and conducted their ecclesiastical business with the order and intelligence of a white Presbytery. This year another native preacher was licensed, making eight in all. The Dakota language was used at the meeting, and in this language is the greater part of the Old and the entire New Testament translated and printed for these people.

In reply to a New Jersey elder, who doesn't believe in building costly churches, and thinks that Dr. Hall's congregation in New York are prompted by pride in putting up a new eight hundred thousand dollar structure, a Presbyterian pastor tells him that the Lord did not rebuke the offering of the woman who brought the costly ointment to him, and furthermore that a church that contributes over one hundred thousand dollars annually for benevolent purposes, and sustains large missions of its own in the city, has the right to build as costly and tasteful a house for God as it pleases. Then he reminds the elder that there are not a few miserable clapboard barns, in New Jersey particularly, which the people call churches, but which ought to be exchanged for "something more befitting the house of the Lord."

It is for the newest Congregational association to give us the newest features of such a body. The association of Oregon and Washington admits women as delegates from its churches, and has done so for the last two or three years. In this feature one of its members claims it is in advance not only of the "Model Maine Conference," but he believes of all other Congregational associations, conferences, and councils as well. This year the delegation of women was larger than ever before, and represented more churches; and they took a more active part on committees and in making reports. To give a specimen of their proceedings, one committee, composed wholly of women, reported upon the duty of uniting with their sisters in other States in sustaining the Woman's Board of Missions, and recommending every church to form auxiliary societies. Another thing the association makes a departure in, is in the occasional election of laymen for its officers. The last moderator and clerk were neither of them from the ministerial ranks.

One thing which the Convention of Young Men's Christian Associations at Poughkeepsie very wisely did not do was the adoption of any set statement of their principles which looked at all like a church creed. Something of the sort was proposed, only to be voted down after a brief discussion, during which the working secretary in the West, Mr. Weidensal, represented that a great help to him in organizing associations was the very fact that he could tell the people that the only requisite of membership was that they should be members of some Christian Church. And as for their "sphere of work," each association must find out for itself what its special sphere is. A happy after-incident of the Convention, occurring too late to be mentioned last week, was the informal meeting of quite a number of the delegates on board the *Mary Powell* as they were returning from Poughkeepsie. An hour's devotional services were held, in which interested passengers also took part, and the feature of which was a graphic account of the Convention's doings from General O. O. Howard. When, in closing, he referred to his own personal trials in connection with the Freedmen's Bureau difficulty, many of his hearers were visibly moved, and one or two Southern delegates replied avowing their firm faith in the General's Christian integrity, and promising to defend his honor and remove what prejudices existed against him in the South, as far as was in their power.

American Methodism dates its history as an organized body from July 14th, 1773, when the first Conference met in Philadelphia. In this same city has just been held its centennial anniversary. Beginning on the 14th inst., the celebration was kept up three days with unabated interest and spirit, Methodists from all parts of the country being present to enjoy the services. Of course it was a great occasion. There were addresses, love-feasts, jubilee gatherings, Sabbath-school meetings, and various exercises in commemoration of the event. The main features were the historical essays, in which the rise and growth of Methodism in the United States were traced with minute detail. From these we learn that the American pioneer of this Church was Philip Embury, born in Limerick, Ireland, a carpenter by trade, a plain, pathetic preacher, and an unpretentious, zealous man. Here he preached with Captain Webb, an ex-officer of the British army, and through their influence other Methodist preachers came over from England, and Methodism in this country was established. The regular "Methodist Episcopal Church," however, was not organized until eleven years after the Philadelphia Conference in 1784, when Methodism numbered eighty-four ministers and fifteen thousand laymen. Asbury became the first bishop of the new Church. Since then the denomination has grown apace, and leads all the others in the country, having seventy-six Conferences, ten thousand traveling preachers, and nearly one million and a half of members. Among the speakers at this interesting celebration were Rev. Dr. Fowler, of Chicago, President of the Northwestern University, Drs. T. M. Eddy, J. B. Wakeley, H. H. Patison, G. H. Phœbus and other leaders in the Church. Bishop Simpson, on account of illness, was unable to participate.

FOREIGN.

Mr. George Smith, the English archæologist, who is now exploring around Babylon and Nineveh, has deciphered quite a history of the latter city from inscriptions. As for Babylon, its ruins are slowly disappearing, he writes, as every day portions of it are loaded on donkeys and brought into the town of Hillah; but still they are good for some centuries to come.

A correspondent of the London *Times* in Rome has been watching the movements of the cardinals respecting the future Pope, and he finds the candidates reduced to less than a score, which is quite enough to have to choose from. Four or five, in his opinion, have the same and an excellent chance of an election, but probably Riario-Sforza, Archbishop of Naples, is the strongest man at present.

It is alleged that the old Mohammedan contempt for Christians, which seemed to be slowly dying out in Turkey, is showing itself again, not only among the people, but the officials also. The present government is rigidly Mohammedan, more so than it has been for years, and its anti-*giaour* spirit crops out in petty acts of annoyance. Whether any intended change of policy is to be pursued remains to be seen, but it is quite certain that Islamism will find it as hard now to stem the influence of Western ideas within its dominion as it was easy to suppress it a score of years ago.

Spurgeon states his position with candid emphasis. This is from a recent sermon: "At the Lord's Table I always invite all Christians to come and sit down and commune with us. If any man were to tell me that I am separate from the Episcopalian, the Presbyterian, or the Methodist, I would tell him he did not know me, for I love them with a pure heart, fervently, and am not separate from them. The pulse of Christ is communion; and woe to the Church that seeks to

cure the ills of Christ's Church by stopping its pulse. I think it is a sin to refuse to commune with any one who is a member of the Church of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Those four hundred and eighty-three English clergymen who wish to establish the confessional in the Church received a public rebuke in the House of Lords last week, and narrowly escaped an "investigation"; or, in other words, it was moved that a committee be appointed to consider what legislation is needed to check the evil. One of his lordships asked by what casuistry clergymen holding such Papal doctrines could retain their position in the Church of England, and the Bishops of Canterbury, Salisbury, and York were equally strong in denouncing these advocates of the confessional. The opinion prevailed, however, that the Church ought to take the matter up and not Parliament, and the motion was negatived.

Pious pilgrimages to Catholic shrines in France are becoming so common that they create suspicion as to their real object. Some one sees in them a political object, to keep alive the flame against Protestant Germany among the masses, which is a plausible theory in view of the activity of the priests in getting up the demonstrations. At the shrines miracles and indescribable scenes are reported to occur. The cries of "Vive la France!" are blended with those of "Vive Pie IX.!" and "Vive l'Alsace et la Lorraine!" which indicates the nursing of a revengeful wrath against Prussia. So long as France can be kept intensely Catholic, she is bound to be intensely militant and dangerous to Protestantism in Europe. Hence Rome would naturally encouage pious pilgrimages and pious longings for revenge.

According to the *Pall Mall Gazette* a controversy has arisen in Germany about the recent work of Herr von Wurstemberger on *Freedom of Conscience in the Baltic Provinces of Russia*, which is satisfactory in more senses than one. Its whole tenor shows how anxious the existing Government of the Czar is to justify its proceedings toward its Protestant subjects in the court of European opinion. Wurstemberger's main object has been to show the severity of the oppression of the Lutherans in the Provinces of Courland and Lithuania, from the fact that since the pressure on them was removed by the Czar, no fewer than 30,000 so-called converts to the Greek Church have returned to the Lutheran communion. Although the laws which were intended to drive the Russianized Germans from the faith of their ancestors are not really repealed, they are practically suspended, and the Protestant movement advances with greater freedom.

The Week.

[*From Tuesday, July 15, to Monday, July 22.*]

As we go to press, the telegraph informs us of the death on Saturday of the Right Rev. Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Winchester, England. He was killed by a fall from his horse while going to keep an appointment with Mr. Gladstone. The Bishop was the third son of William Wilberforce the philanthropist and opponent of human slavery. He is known to the literary world as the author of *Agathos*, *Eucharistica*, *History of the American Church*, the *Life of William Wilberforce*, and many other works. He was appointed Bishop of Winchester in 1869.

New England is now evenly divided on the usury question, Connecticut having just made 7 per cent. the legal rate of interest. Maine, Massachusetts and Rhode Island permit any rate, but specify 6 per cent. in case no agreement is made. Vermont and New Hampshire fix the rate at 6 per cent., the last-named State requiring the forfeiture of three times the excess in case more is charged. Of the other States seven place no more restriction upon interest rates than upon trade profits, and their experience does not prove that the plan is a bad one.

Amos Pillsbury, Superintendent of the Albany Penitentiary, died in that city on Monday. For thirty years he has presided over the penitentiary, and during part of the time has had much to do with the control of the police force. He was especially qualified for the control and discipline of desperate men, and his influence over the worst characters is mentioned as something wonderful. Prior to his appointment at Albany, Mr. Pillsbury was Superintendent of the Connecticut State Prison, and was known forty years ago as one of the best organizers of prison discipline in the country.

Encouraged probably by success at Geneva, and by the reception of his critique upon Sir Alexander Cockburn, the Hon. Caleb Cushing brought suit last week in Washington against Thomas Kelly, who, it appears, has been maintaining the dog of the Hon. Fernando Wood in close proximity to the residence of Mr. Cushing. The last named gentleman has been much disturbed of late by the barkings of Mr. Wood's dog. Indeed, he estimated the damage at no less than $4,000. We may charitably suppose that at least ninety-nine one hundredths of this sum was claimed merely through force of professional habit, and the court appears to have taken this view, for it only required Kelly to deposit $25 as security that the nuisance should be abated—removal or death being the dire alternatives.

When last we had occasion to refer to Mr. Brigham Young it was to announce his abdication of the various sacerdotal and political tenures which have long been associated with his name. We have now to record no less a matter than the secession from his domestic establishment of a wife—the seventeenth by order of precedence—who has carried with her such property as she considered personal, and has began a suit for divorce and alimony in the territorial courts. Brigham, in turn, enters a cross suit to recover the property thus sequestrated, and we fear that in the eyes of the law his case is the stronger of the two. Divorce under these circumstances can hardly come within the purview of Utah statutes, but the Gentile world resident in the vicinity of Salt Lake anticipate much pleasure in watching the course of the trial, and is actively befriending the plaintiff.

Massachusetts does not feel altogether satisfied with this year's graduating class at her agricultural school. Of the thirteen who receive diplomas, three intend to be farmers and one a gardener. Three of the remaining nine will be lawyers or doctors, four intend to study civil engineering with a view to practice, one means to go into business, and, alas, for the two years' agone success of the "Aggies" at the regatta, the last intends to be a professional oarsman, and no doubt means to make a living thereby. Now let us have statistics from the other agricultural colleges, and thank Providence, meanwhile, that the Land Grant Bill did not pass Congress.

We are glad to quote so good an authority as the *Springfield Republican* on the subject of General Butler's chances for the Governorship of Massachusetts. This well-informed journal considers his defeat certain, drawing its conclusions from the tone of the State press. Certainly it is refreshingly evident, even to an outsider, that his speeches thus far have made but a small impression upon the public. The inexplicable persistence shown by one election district in returning the General to Congress has naturally caused some fear lest the State should fall into the same state of mind, and, in a sort of political trance as it were, raise him to the Governorship, but we are happy to record any evidence that there is no such danger.

Russia has accomplished the object of her Khivan expedition. The Khan is to retain his throne on condition that an indemnity of two million roubles be paid within ten years. This amounts to about $1,500,000, which, when compared with the enormous sums paid by France to Germany, or with the actual expense to which the Russians have been subjected, seems moderate enough. To the Khan it probably seems a large sum to pay, for he is by no means a rich potentate as western Powers estimate riches; nevertheless he has given his note of hand, and Russia agrees to withdraw from the Khanate, leaving only one or two forts, with sufficient garrisons, to serve as mementoes. Thus another Asiastic bugbear disappears before European troops, and it is not by any means improbable that another generation or two may see England and Russia referring the matter of boundaries to a Board of Arbitration.

An address lately sent to Queen Victoria from the House of Commons has brought out a reply which looks, after all, as if the principle of international arbitration were not in such bad odor as has been asserted. Her Majesty instructs Mr. Gladstone to "enter into communication with foreign powers with a view to farther improve international law and establish a general and permanent system of arbitration." She says, moreover, "I have at all times desired to extend the practice of closing international controversies by their submission to impartial friends, and to encourage the establishment of rules intended for the equal benefit of all. I shall continue to pursue a similar course, with due regard to time and opportunity, whenever it is likely to be attended with advantage." That the reading of this document should have been received with "hearty cheers" by the House is rather more than we expected, in view of the strictures which have been passed upon the Geneva award.

When the existing French Assembly was originally constituted it was generally understood that it would courteously give place to something better and more permanent so soon as the Germans had withdrawn. This idea was cherished during the presidency of M. Thiers; and when the Committee of Thirty sent in its Constitutional Amendments, it was assumed that upon their passage by the Assembly the work of that body would have reached its natural limit. A recent debate, however, places the matter in a different light. M. Dufaure, a Republican, proposed the consideration of the Constitutional laws, but a Legitimist said that the people were well satisfied with the existing Government, which enabled them to make money. Gambetta, the irreconciliable, insisted that the Assembly had no constituent powers at all; but the Government, through its mouthpieces, agreed with the Legitimist view, refused to order elections to fill vacancies, and plainly intimated that things were well enough as they are. Evidently, the Assembly finds itself comfortably housed and fed, and purposes to maintain these amicable relations as long as possible. Let us hope that nothing worse than monarchy will result.

Our English cousins, now that the Shah has gone away, are indulging a laugh at their own toadyism of his Persian highness. The best of the English papers have not hesitated since his arrival to poke fun in a quiet way at him and his cortege. Even *Punch* has printed some matter which in Persia would have cost the author his head. Now that the affair is all over, it turns out that the cleanly English ladies and gentlemen who met the Shah and his followers in a social way were not over-impressed with the desirability of a protracted acquaintance. It is said that the quarters occupied by the nation's guests in Buckingham Palace were left in a condition which calls for disinfection on sanitary grounds. In view of the fact that all this politeness was accorded as a check against Russian advances toward the Indian frontier, it is a queer coincidence that the heir to the Russian crown was in England at the same time with the Shah, and was quite eclipsed by the barbaric splendor of the Persian. It is suggested by certain Opposition journals that it would really pay better in the end to make friends with the Czar than with his southern neighbor. The English seem now to regard the whole affair of the reception as a broad farce, and it is fortunate that their late guest does not read English. Otherwise the diplomatic advantages which Mr. Gladstone hopes for might possibly come to naught.

When the last mails left Europe, Spain was apparently making up her mind that the then existing disorders must be stopped. The Minister of Finance had promised speedy payment of over-due coupons; the Cortes was on the point of abolishing the Admiralty; Pi y Margall was invested with dictatorial power, all guarantees for individual liberty being suspended at his discretion; the presidential tenure of office was limited to one term; and sundry other salutary measures were promised, or in process of enforcement. Were it not for the telegraph we might imagine Spain on the high road to peace and prosperity; but the despatches tell us that Don Carlos crossed the border last week and assumed command of his adherents, who gave him a loyal welcome. The Carlists, moreover, are operating successfully within fifty miles of Madrid, having captured several towns, of more or less importance, defeating at the same time various detatched bodies of Government troops. Arms and ammunition for the Carlists are landed in abundance, and with little apparent risk of capture, all along the coast of Biscay; and Carlism is for this week at least fairly in the ascendant. We may as well mention that we learn, at the last moment, that Pi y Margall is not President any longer. He has been succeeded by N. Salmeron, and an entirely new ministry is in office.

We have another trans-Atlantic balloon project on foot in this city. It is backed by the *Daily Graphic* to the amount, as is stated by that journal, of $10,000. Of course, our contemporary is making a good thing out of this in the way of illustrations at a time when there is rather a dearth of picturesque news; but that is surely a legitimate way of creating a demand for large editions. We have always, when a balloon trip across the Atlantic was talked of, looked with some suspicion on the good faith of the projectors; and heretofore all the balloonists have bowed themselves out of public sight without setting sail. We are fain to admit, however, that this time the attempt will, so far as we can judge, really be made. The commander of the present expedition is Mr. John Wise, a well known aeronaut, who has for years believed in the existence of an atmospheric current setting strongly to the eastward, with sufficient velocity to carry a balloon across in two or three days. Scientific authorities of high standing, in a measure, sustain this theory, and they will all be glad, doubtless, to see the experiment tried. The latest testimony of faith comes from the Signal Bureau at Washington, which tenders instruments for the use of the aeronauts, and promises leave of absence to any one of its competent *employés* who may volunteer his services for the trip. The balloon is now building in this city, and will be ready to sail on or about the 20th of August. Of course every precaution will be taken to provide against accident by sea or land, and the balloon will be provisioned for a much longer voyage than is anticipated.

A decision in the case of the *City of Washington* has been promptly reached by the Court of Investigation at Halifax. The statement of the Commissioner, Captain P. A. Scott, R.N., concurred in by two professional experts, who assisted in the investigation, is clear, brief, and to the point. It is to this effect: The captain, W. R. Phillips, and three out of four of the executive officers, were strangers to the ship. Steel rails to the amount of three hundred tons were in the hold, but no deviation was noticed in the compasses during the trip from Liverpool to Queenstown. Solar observations were obtained on the two days after leaving Queenstown; but the ship's position, as shown thereby, was not verified by comparison with the log, nor was the log trusted to at all until thick weather set in and astronomical observations became impossible. The Commissioner believes that, had proper comparisons been made between the positions of the ship as shown by the log and by the sextant, during the first two days out, the derangement of the compasses would have been detected and the disaster averted. "On the 2d and 3d of July," says the Commissioner, "soundings might have been obtained, and by that means a fresh departure taken." The imprudence of proceeding at a high rate of speed after crossing the Grand Banks, and without attempting to take soundings, is also condemned, and, finally, the ignorance of the officers concerning the character of the cargo and its possible influence upon the compasses is justly criticised. Captain Phillips' certificate is suspended for one year, and the sentence is doubtless just, for although the Commissioner is even commendatory in his mention of the discipline and service of the ship, the points concerning imprudence are certainly well taken. To a landsman this matter of suspending a master's certificate may seem an inadequate punishment. It must be remembered, however, that such a certificate in the English merchant service is only won after long years of experience, and a captain whose certificate has been once suspended, has, practically, his life's work to do over again.

Something like three weeks ago the leading daily journals began to print letters from Springfield describing the preliminaries which culminated in the college regatta on Thursday. Never before has there been such general interest in this annual contest, and the reason is plain, as the regatta took place for the first time under the management of the College Association. Every one knows that Harvard and Yale had the course to themselves, for the most part, for many years, and that, while the victory was often with Yale prior to 1833, Harvard has since invariably beaten her ancient rival. This year eleven colleges were represented, and this is the order in which the boats were ranged at the start: Amherst, Massachusetts Agricultural, Yale, Harvard, Columbia, Wesleyan, Williams, Dartmouth, Trinity, Bowdoin, Cornell. To Yale and Harvard men it was gratifying to see the blue and the red once more side by side, and it became evident, shortly after the start, that upon them the chief interest of the race would depend. Unfortunately the arrangements of the Regatta Committee were incomplete. The start was not ordered until long after the appointed time, nor was the end of the course reached until nearly dusk. However, it was a lovely evening, and the dash of eleven well-drilled crews down the river was a sight such as this country never witnessed before. It was plain, during the last mile, that the victory lay between Yale, the Wesleyans, and Harvard, and it was in this order that they crossed the line, their time being respectively, 16m. 50s.; 17m. 09s.; 17m. 36¾s. Amherst was close upon Harvard, but her time is not officially stated. Yale has this year carried off all the boating honors, her representatives having won the single-scull and the freshman as well as the University races. Of course her Alumni are renewing their youth all over the land, and the under-graduates go home for the long vacation in a state of exaltation the like of which one knows only twice or thrice in a life-time. The captain of the Yale crew has been training his men in the "English stroke," which he crossed the ocean to learn, and doubtless this stroke, whatever its exact peculiarities may be, will be adopted by most of our colleges. It is safe to say that no stroke, however good, will win a boat-race unless it is pulled by a good crew. Yale, then, carries the champion flags, and all the other college boating honors for a year, and she may be pardoned for a reasonable amount of satisfaction. In connection with this association of colleges in a yearly contest, it is pleasant to note the fact, that while hilarity and the most jovial of college fun were indulged in at Springfield and in all the routes thither, there was absolutely no drunkenness, and the number of professional sporting men on hand was much less than in former years. Moreover, the colleges belonging to the Association pledge themselves not to employ professional trainers hereafter.

The Household.

OUR SLEEPING BABY.

BY FRED. LAYTON.

THE silken fringe of his lashes
Droops over his sparkling eyes,
And the curling gold on his forehead
In rich profusion lies.

His mouth, like the bow of a Cupid,
Closed tight o'er his tiny teeth,
Just parts for a moment to show me
The beautiful pearls beneath.

Extended full length, an Apollo,
With more than his beauty he seems,
While the varying play of his features
Is shaped by his innocent dreams.

He wakes! No! I moved and disturbed him,
And, in wonder, the half-open eyes
Cast their sleepy reproaches upon me,
But are closed in a moment with sighs.

Come, mamma, and look at your baby!
Such a sight you'd not willingly miss;
Come quick, and with tender caresses
Awaken your boy with a kiss!

He's a child now, and jealously 'tended,
We watch every movement with care;
Hearts burning with love for our darling,
We think he is wondrously fair.

But days yet to come may be gloomy,
And the pathway of life for his feet
Be covered with *thorns*, while the *roses*
Some happier mortal may greet.

Be hushed all my gloomy forebodings,
Nor borrow the trappings of woe;
Enough for us all be the promise,
"Through the valley I with thee will go!"

Let us train him to shun every evil
That, clothed with the Christian's might,
He may meet every wile of the tempter
With one simple test—"Is it right?"

Thus, "strong in the Lord," may his duty
Be done 'til death's night shall be past,
When, arrayed in more heavenly beauty,
He shall cross the bright portals at last.

CINCINNATI, 92 Main St.

THE BEGINNING AND END OF A STORY.

BY ELIZABETH P. CAMPBELL.

"Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth."

MISS OSMOND looked out of her window. It's queer for what different purposes people use windows. There's my neighbor, Mrs. Quiet—I do believe that the only use she knows for one is to let in sunshine. She's got one of the best windows in town for seeing what "goes on," but you'll never see her at it, except for an hour or so—just the time when nobody's going by—when the sun is pouring in there, then up goes the curtain and down she sits in a broad blaze of sunlight! I should think it would burn her to a cinder, and ruin her carpets. But I never can remember when I go there to notice whether the carpets are faded or not. There seems to be always sunshine in the house. I wonder if she has some magic for catching it on bright days, and keeping it "on hand." She *is* charming, that Mrs. Quiet; that is, as charming as anybody can be who never sees or knows anything that's going on, and never tells one a bit of news.

But this is getting away from my story; I was led into it by that thought about windows.

Now, Miss Osmond comprehends what a window is made for—namely, for a post of observation! Miss Osmond knows what is going on in the world. She has known this pretty hard on to fifty years, I guess, though I wouldn't be guilty of telling a single woman's age. Miss Osmond is a "lovely girl," of course. She believes in being "well informed." Isn't that what we all consider women should be? This, according to her interpretation of the phrase, signifies to know what's "going on;" and for that purpose she uses her window as a means to an end. Moreover, Miss Osmond believes in making herself agreeable; and tell me, pray, is not this the chief end of woman? Miss Osmond, therefore, tells what she knows; and if, to render herself more agreeable, she sometimes tells a little more than she knows, is the dear creature to be blamed, since she is inspired by so lofty a motive?

But I wander again. It is not necessary for me to say how many years it is since, upon the particular night in question, Miss Osmond, faithful at her post, looked out of her window, and observed——

At first, nothing, but that it was a clear, cold, moonlight night. Still she looks on, up and down the silent street, and for a moment her eyes grow dim. Is she thinking of weary vigils, now long past, kept by that same window on such nights as this, hoping for one who came not? The neighbors said he was worn out by her sharp tongue. The neighbors may have been misinformed; but if not, then he was "wise in time;" for her tongue grew sharper and still sharper, as she watched for him in vain.

It may be that Miss Osmond is thinking of those far away years, for her face grows bitter—her face, which had been very pretty once, and which might be pretty still, if only a sweet soul looked out from it. Her eyes flash like icicles in the clear, cold moonlight; they are indeed as bright and cold and sharp.

Steps upon the pavement! She bends eagerly forward, close against the window-pane.

"Who comes now, I wonder? Well, if it isn't Belle Stetson! Who can that be with her? Belle's a pretty girl, but she must be a flirt, for she always has some new beau on hand. Now, sure enough, it's young Lawyer Baker. I suppose she's trying to catch him. I do believe they are coming in here! They are stopping, any way. What *are* they doing?"

She strains her eyes, and they glitter and sharpen till they seem to almost cut the glass, like a thief's diamond.

Oh, ye saints who watch above that lovely girl, will ye not bid them move on, out of the reach of the baleful eyes that, all unbeknown to them, are looking down from that window above?

The guardian angel must be sleeping, for, instead of moving on, they stop—oh, luckless fate, directly beneath the window!

Miss Osmond is wild with excitement. She must hear as well as see. What *does* she see? That he is talking earnestly; that he draws from his finger a ring which he gives her; she sees the moonlight flash upon it; she sees her take it in her hand! What does she hear? Only a broken sentence. The first part was lost, through just the slightest noise made by the window as she moved it up so very carefully. Only three little words—these, "married October twentieth." Then Belle, having taken the ring, they passed on, still earnestly talking; but they were beyond Miss Osmond's hearing or seeing.

She closed the window softly. She had labored over that window till it was as noiseless and cat-like as herself. She was triumphant. Here was a sensation, truly!

"Love-making, indeed! I did not think it had come to that so soon. How lucky I was looking out! I don't believe there's a soul knows it but me. Well, I should think they might have waited till they got home to do their courting. I'll go over to-morrow, and see if she wears a ring, for I never saw one on her hand in my life. If she does, I shall know all about it, even to the wedding-day! Just think how lucky I was!"

The next day Miss Osmond called, all smiles and sweetness, on her "dear Miss Belle." Her black eyes looked as soft and loving as such eyes might. Poor, unsuspecting Belle was as glad to see her as she was to see any friend; and Belle was a guileless creature who loved everybody.

Oh, guardian saints! why did you let such misery come to so sweet a soul? Why had it chanced that on that very day Belle's bosom friend, Kate Myers, had slipped her own plain ring upon Belle's dimpled hand, just to see how prettily it looked there; and had rallied Belle upon the whim, which only she, as her nearest and best friend, knew she had, that she would never wear aught but a wedding-ring? Why had she done it, and then gone away and forgotten it, Belle doing the same, till she saw Miss Osmond's eyes resting upon it? And then what did she do, poor little soul, but blush to her very finger-tips!

So Miss Osmond was satisfied. She made a charming call, and went away happy!

Then she made another call, on Miss Jones. In the course of conversation, carelessly, she asked Miss Jones if she knew young Lawyer Baker; and if she had heard that he was quite attentive to Belle Stetson?

Then she made another call, on Miss Tripp; and as she and Miss Tripp were kindred spirits, she talked it over a little more freely with her. She did not, indeed, tell exactly what she had seen and heard. Oh, no! That was too rich a morsel to be parted with then. She must for a while enjoy the pleasure of knowing what nobody else did; and besides, perhaps she was shrewd enough to see that if she actually told what she knew, she would reveal the fact that she did actually know nothing. So, of course, as she only surmised, she must only insinuate; that had the advantage of making it appear as if there was no end to her knowledge. Then, again—she was an old hand at it, you see—she would *affirm* nothing. She knew people had been brought into courts for affirmations; but who could find fault with a woman for asking questions? Thus it had come to be a habit of years that what Miss Osmond had to say she said in the form of a question! So she asked Miss Tripp:

"Have you heard about Belle Stetson and Lawyer Baker?"

"No, indeed! What is it?"

"Why, haven't you heard that he is paying her very particular attentions, and how much pleased the family all are about it?"

Miss Tripp was really mortified to think that Miss Osmond had so much the start of her in such a rich bit of news, but she put a brave face upon it, and was as cheerful and lively as possible.

Miss Osmond's bright eyes saw the chagrin, however, and so she asked more questions.

"Why, yes; didn't you know how they went walking around the town moonlight nights, at a snail's pace, as silly a pair of lovers as ever was seen?"

Miss Tripp was vanquished. She had to own that she had not heard of it.

She made up for her momentary mortification next day, however, when she went her round of calls, and triumphantly retailed her version of the story. Miss Tripp was a "chipper" little body. She knew folks doated upon news, and she liked to make them happy by telling it. She did a world of harm all the same; but honestly, she never meant it; and people forgave her, though they couldn't undo the half of her little mischiefs.

So Miss Tripp started out, and told everywhere (she did not ask questions) what "they said."

"They said" that Belle Stetson and Lawyer Baker were engaged. "They said" that the family were delighted with the match. "They said" he had given her a beautiful ring, etc., etc., etc.

And so the engagement was "announced" to the town; but of course for a while no one said anything about it to Belle or Lawyer Baker. Belle, for all she was such a dear little thing, was a bit shy; and it is not always easy to say certain things to shy people. As for Lawyer Baker, he had that about him which warned people to keep their distance, unless he bade them come nearer, which he seldom did.

So these two remained in ignorance of what "they said," and walked and talked on as before. Lawyer Baker was in trouble (as even lawyers are when they are young) about his heart affairs. He had found in Belle a friend so sympathetic and so frank that he felt sure he could trust her utterly; while, with all her quiet ways, she was so wise that, involuntarily, he sought her advice.

It is no part of our story to recount Lawyer Baker's troubles. They are as safe in our keeping as with the dead. It is not for us to tell how it chanced that on that fateful night, while so entirely separated from her he had loved, he had told Belle the whole story of his griefs, and had even given her his betrothal ring to bear back to one who had proved so utterly faithless that he would never bring himself willingly into contact with her again.

What wonder, then, that in his loneliness, when other nights came, he often sought Belle's company and sympathy. What wonder that Belle, who never thought of herself, and who was "so sorry for him," gave him her society most willingly. What wonder that both, having naught of the lover in their thoughts of each other, should have lacked "caution," and come and gone together just as friends might do.

Belle, too, had a dear little secret, very sweet to her, that made her sadly blind. Charley Martyn, who had gone back to college only a month ago, loved her, and she knew it, and had given him back love for love almost without asking; she was such a tender, loving little body. Indeed, he had never asked her to be his wife. He was not bound to her in any way. The only token that had ever passed between them was a single four-leaved clover! This he had given her the very last time that she saw him, and had said, in the open doorway as they parted:

"A year hence, and my college life will be over. See if then you have this unbroken! Good-bye, Belle."

What would happen, he did not say, but Belle knew, and was happy.

Alas, poor child, she did *not* know! She had made no account in her love-dreams of Miss Osmond, and Miss Jones, and Miss Tripp, and all the rest of the misses, who, leading withered, idle lives themselves, had naught to do but to peer into, and speculate upon, the lives of other people, and make them, if possible, as miserable as their own.

I have hardly the heart to tell the rest of my story. In a certain poet's corner, years ago one told it in sweet and simple rhyme; but in rhyme so much may be left unsaid that must come out in prose. That's why life's prose is so much harder than its poetry.

When all the town knew what "they said," at last Belle and Lawyer Baker knew too.

By this time Miss Osmond had asked Miss Tripp "If she had heard that the wedding-day was fixed for the 20th of October." Miss Tripp had told, in her round of calls, that "they said" the wedding was to be on the "20th of October." That was the way everybody knew all about it, long before it reached the ears of Lawyer Baker and poor little Belle.

Lawyer Baker was furious! "The 20th of October! Curse the day!" It should have been his wedding-day had one he loved proved faithful. But a man's fury is idle breath before women's tongues! And then he had his business, which absorbed every thought; only he was sorry that sweet little Belle should be so compromised. Men don't mind gossip. He worked the harder for a month, and then—forgot it!

And Belle? She was bowed to the earth like a bulrush, to have her name so coupled with that of one who had never dreamed of mentioning love to her. But this was only the lightest grief. Of course, what "they said," till all the world knew it, came but too soon to the ears of him whom Belle loved best; and it happened, as it always does in this sad world of ours, the worst that could be, was—it parted them forever!

He bore it like a man, in silence; but he thought if Belle could be so false there was no truth upon the earth. So life's morning was for him o'ershadowed by dark clouds of distrust, when it should have been at its brightest. The college laurels which he had toiled for, turned to withered leaves within his grasp; but only the hard, fixed lines about the mouth told of all this suffering. He came not to his home, nor ever sought Belle in any way.

Day after day she hoped and prayed for his coming, till days ran into weeks; and weeks into months, and

then her weary heart gave up the struggle, and she neither hoped nor prayed any more. Not for his coming, that is! Very tenderly she prayed for *him;* that all his life might be bright and happy; very earnestly she prayed for herself that God would take her!

When men cannot love, they thank God for work; when the same sad hour comes to woman's more gentle soul she thanks God for death!

And so Belle faded, and fell with the falling leaves. She died on that very day made so significant by idle tongues. Turn back the files, and in the death list there shall you find it:

"Died, of consumption, on the morning of October 20th, 18—, Isabella Stetson, aged 19 yrs."

It was a strange thing at her funeral—there may be those reading this who remember it—there were no flowers about her sweet, dead face, or in her hands, or even on her coffin's lid. I was told that she ordered that it should be so.

> "But when within the shaded room,
> I leaned her coffin over,
> I wept, for in her hand she held
> A perfect four-leaved clover!"

What meant it that her marble fingers clasped this "perfect four-leaved clover?" There was one who knew. One who walks the world alone to-day; one who will walk on to his grave alone, through a sad and blasted life; one who stood that day as white almost as the dead, and could read in those withered leaves the words her lips might not speak, "Faithful until death."

"Died of consumption," it was said, *I* say she died of idle tongues! Her grave in our lovely cemetery has been green these many years. I wish I could cut deep in the simple slab above it, so that all might read, the words:

"Every idle word that men speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment."

BALANCING THE FLORAL ACCOUNT.

THE long-established custom of balancing business accounts at the beginning of the year is peculiarly applicable to the floral account, since our garden pets are all sleeping, and kind Nature has thrown over them a pure white covering to protect their winter slumbers. In glancing over our accounts on the Dr. side we find our discouragements, on the Cr. side our enjoyments. Of some of our discouragements we could see why they were sent. When our verbena bed was in its highest beauty, heavy rains washed the black soil over leaves and blossoms, and left the poor flowers limp and broken, but the farmers were rejoicing and saying that it was just what the potatoes needed. When, later, the sunshine became so powerful that the leaves of our tenderest plants blackened and died, the farmers were again rejoicing over good harvest weather, and the certain ripening of their corn beyond the reach of frost. But one trial in the month of roses we could see no profit in. Our roses had budded full, and we were anticipating a glorious display when we noticed that the leaves were turning brown, the buds withering, and they looked as if they had been frosted. On a closer examination we found the under part of the leaves covered with little green caterpillars. There were myriads of them. Consulting our books we learned that our premises had been invaded by the rose-slug, and that whale-oil soap was a remedy. Not having that at hand we concluded that Paris-green was as good for them as for the potato-bug, so the next morning we dusted the bushes just after a rain, and watching for the result were soon gratified to see them turning brown and falling, and then our chief care was to place the children's pet bantams in safe quarters, lest there should be mourning over untimely deaths from eating poisoned worms. The worst discouragement of all was the flower thieves—alas! no new one. The previous year we had abridged our slumbers to arrange, mentally, our flower-garden, and before a plant had been removed from the green-house had assigned each one its place, aiming so to arrange them that when in bloom the whole should form one large bouquet without a discordant color. We had faithfully followed our plan, and were watching to see if the result would equal our expectations, when one morning, according to custom, glancing at the garden from the chamber-windows, we were startled by the appearance of vacant places. Hurrying down we found a dozen plants missing. Heliotrope, calceolaria, fuschias, a carnation full of blossoms, verbenas, all choice plants, and, worst of all, in the damp black soil of the borders was a woman's footprints, made by a number three high-heeled shoe. Fancy our dismay, our green-house empty, no other available, our cherished plan thus ruthlessly spoiled. But Time, the healer, has partially effaced the remembrance, at least placed it in the annals of the past. This spring we had been planning with undiminished enthusiasm. The children had been watching and rejoicing over each unfolding blossom. They had been especially devoted to the tulips. They had duly chronicled the appearance of the first tiny green shoot, and each daily addition, and many a time we had been called out to see their progress towards bloom.

One evening we had gone with them, and found the scarlet, yellow, and many-colored balls just on the verge of their highest beauty. The next morning the children rushed in, consternation on every face, exclaiming, "The tulips are gone!" We found it too true. A few broken buds were all that was left of the evening's beauty. Some vandal had taken them, root and all, a loss to us, and no gain to him. The sunshine that day seemed less bright than usual. A few days after, another plant was missing—a beautiful *mesembryanthemum.* We had been training it for four years, until we had a perfect pyramid, about two feet high, of dewy green leaves, covered with its pink stars. Again in a few days we missed a *plumbago capensis* that we had placed in a shady corner to harden before placing it in the border. These repeated losses discouraged us. Later in the year, I read Gail Hamilton's rather severe strictures on a gentleman who had surrounded his premises with a high wall, and thus deprived himself and others of the enjoyment they had experienced in watching his flowers. We wondered if his provocation had resembled ours, for we were strongly tempted to surround our garden with a high wall, and thus prevent thieves from selecting the choicest flowers. But we could not bring ourselves to do it, when each morning we saw the fence almost continually brightened with groups of eager, happy school-children, looking between and above the railings at the flowers, and could hear through the open windows the eager exclamations, "Look, Charlie, there's a beauty," etc., etc. We had not the heart to do it, so we compromised by placing a lock and chain on the gate, and one of the last nightly duties was to see that it was locked. Seeing the gate thus locked a gentleman remarked that the fence could be easily climbed. He was answered that women could not climb a picket-fence very readily. But it was troublesome having a locked gate. It was found especially so one night, when, being roused by the cry of "fire," and looking from a window we found a neighbor's house in flames. The male portion of the household started with buckets in hand for the fire, and coming to the locked gate, rather than return for the key, tossed the buckets over the fence and sprang after them.

But the summer came and went, and no more flower thieves paid us a visit. This much for the Dr. side.

On the credit page we find the enjoyments to be hardly calculable, so many *are beyond the reach of words.* What language can express the delight of the early spring days when to live seems the acme of enjoyment. And then the exhilarating joy of days spent in garden and field, with the bright blue sky above us, the air full of witching melody, and all nature responding to the vivifying influence. And what delight in watching the unfolding of bud and blossom, a joy that attends the whole season, and what lessons of faith do they teach us. Again, on a sultry summer day how delightful to sit on a vine-covered porch, and listening to hum of bees and insects, watch the humming-bird in his graceful flights, poising over the flowers with never-resting wing, sipping the honey from cups a king might envy; and anon follow the butterflies, scarcely less graceful, and later in the day come the sphinx-moths, the latest of the gleaners in the honey field. And then how highly we prize our latest floral treasures, and how tenderly we remove them to the house on the least suspicion of a visit from Jack Frost. Then there is the pleasure of giving the brightening of a day in a child's life, relieving the tedium of illness by placing some of our choicest floral treasures by the bedside of the invalid, and the sad pleasure of lightening the grief of afflicted friends by floral tributes to the dead. Time alone can tell the influences of a single floral season, but looking over our accounts we can readily see that the enjoyments far outbalance the discouragements, and "seeing we take heart again" and resolve, if Providence permits, that another season our flowers shall be a joy to many a passer-by. L. W.

MUSCATINE, 1873.

The Little Folks.

THE KIPTOWN FRESH.

THAT is a long name for a chicken, is it not?—and it was such a little one when it was christened, not much bigger than a bumble-bee. This was the way it happened. Mr. White, an old gentleman, and not very strong in health, took a raw egg every day before breakfast. The eggs must be fresh, and a farmer from the village of Kiptown brought them every week.

"Here are your eggs, Mrs. White," said the farmer one day, "nice fresh eggs; Mr. White needn't be afraid to use them, for every one was laid yesterday." This remark was emphasized by a gesture of both hands, that might have accompanied a benediction.

As Mrs. White was emptying the basket, a smile could have been seen on her kind face. The fact was she had heard a very suggestive peep-peep, as surprising from a lot of new-laid eggs as if a hen had delivered a Fourth of July oration.

"Mr. Brindley," said she, quietly, showing an egg through which a bill had pecked its way and part of a dark head was seen, "was this egg laid yesterday?"

"Dear me!" said the crestfallen farmer, "my boy must have brought in the nest egg by mistake." This was probably the case, as all the rest proved fresh.

Mrs. White continued: "As this chick seems a strong little fellow, I shall try and raise it, and call it the *Kiptown Fresh.*"

An hour or two of sun brought the youngster out of his prison—a brown bunch, looking like a ball of worsted with two black beads stuck in it. He had no tail to balance himself with, yellow little marks for wings—one would think an officer might as easily fly with his epaulettes as the chicken ever raise himself with such mites of wings. If he stretched a leg, he tumbled over; if he scratched his head with his claw, he tumbled over again. He would not eat at first, though crumbs of bread and drops of water were put in his mouth. For a day he peeped feebly and laid quietly in a basket filled with cotton. At last he snapped at a fly that was given him, and, liking it, eat more, and soon became quite lively, stretching up his neck and looking like a gawky boy in the shortest of jackets.

Some hens and a rooster in the yard surveyed him, turning their heads first on one side and then on the other; but they did not approve of his appearance, and so snubbed and pecked at him that it was evidently not safe to trust the tiny waif to their mercies. Besides, a watchful cat, hiding in the grass, and kept fully posted by the constant chirping of the chick of his whereabouts, was ready to pounce any moment upon him.

"We must bring him up by hand—there is no other chance," said Mrs. White. "Nannie," she continued, to the colored cook, "keep him in the kitchen for a few days till he grows stronger. Just have an eye to him, he will be a nice playfellow for your baby."

The little brown baby alluded to was at this moment sitting on the floor. She had big round eyes, and hair braided in little tails about an inch long, giving rather a porcupine look to her head. She was playing with her dollie—a wooden clothes-pin with a strip of red flannel tied round for a dress. It was natural to suppose the baby and Kip would be great friends. Nannie had nothing to give her child but a name, and she was generous in that—the bit of bronzed humanity was called Vestalina Rosetta Liverpool. A little brown Trillium comes up in the woods, never growing more than three inches high, but botanists give it a Latin name that would reach across a page. It seems as much overnamed as did this small baby.

The first advance of Kiptown Fresh toward acquaintance was a peck at the small, restless toes that peeped below the frock of the child. This occasioned a scream, as if there were three babies instead of one, with three big names. Every wiggling motion of the toes was considered an invitation to peck at them; when, by stooping down, the inch-long tails were brought into range of chick's sharp eyes, there was a diversion to the tails; and this style of pleasantry was kept up with such perseverance that no work could be done in the kitchen. Quieting Miss Vesey and protecting her toes took all of her mother's time.

Now, what was to be done? There were no asylums for orphan chickens. So Mrs. White took the basket filled with cotton into her part of the house, and kept the birdie with her.

There was one advantage in Vesey's terror of the chicken. That damsel, with as many names as any of Queen Victoria's children, had also a taste for high life—at least as high as she could reach. She watched her opportunity, and whenever a door was left open would stray into the parlor or front hall with a greasy chicken-bone or a dishcloth in her hand; but now, whenever she heard the peep of Kip, she would paddle back to her own domain, as if a wild beast was at her heels.

"Don't tread on Kip," was the running accompaniment to all conversation. He was seldom still, and ate all the time. Occasionally he would drop his head slowly and nod till his bill touched the floor, then bring it up suddenly with a sharp jerk, as people do in church when resting a moment from the labor of listening to a sermon.

He grew fast, and no wonder. If a man should go through the market devouring the provision, then strip and eat the ears off of a field of corn, it would approach to the achievements of little chick. Flies were his great delicacy, and he ate many a brace of them. No epicure enjoyed quails or woodcock more. He soon learned to catch them on the window while standing on Mrs. White's finger. The pursuit was very exciting, but he never quite understood the nature of glass, but pecked at insects outside as well as inside the glass. Chickie showed a great deal of pluck, and a gallant skirmish with a big blue-bottle fly and its final capture was worthy of a place in the *Annals of Fowl Chivalry,* when such a book is compiled. At a knock on the floor by his mistress, Kiptown would run and take greedily what was in the palm of her hand; then, after a contemptuous peck at her wedding-ring, scratch with both feet, as if the hand was a grass-plot. As he grew apace, a little row, like black pins, appeared on his wings, changing to tiny paint-brushes, and soon were respectable feathers. One day, missing his friends, he half hopped and half flew the whole length of the stairs, and peeped loudly at Mrs. White's door. To be alone was his abhorrence. When left by himself, his sharp cry, like the chirp of a gigantic cricket in distress, rang through the house. You could not shut your ears to the penetrating noise. But if his kind protectress was in the room, and especially if he could touch her dress occasionally, he seemed satisfied, making soft conversational sounds all the time. He did not like to be put to bed either, and would climb out of his basket filled with cotton unless a cloth was fastened over it. However closely he was shut up, if a light was brought into the room it would waken him, and start him off into his sharp, yelping cry.

So his education proceeded very rapidly. His greatest treat was to catch mosquitoes, just before dark, on the window, and he was very welcome to them. When about two weeks old, Kip took a fancy to a high shelf in the dining-room closet, so his bed basket was put there, and he was allowed to roost above the knives and spoons.

One night about two o'clock Mrs. White said to her husband: "There is chick's cry of distress. I do believe the rats have got at him."

"Don't be silly," said Mr. White. "You will find an alligator in this house as soon as a rat; I have had even the cellar floor laid with rat-proof cement. I do *wish* you would give that squawking thing to Barnum, or give *it* some paregoric, or *something*." The something was said in a gruff tone, as if it might have meant a neck-wringing. But as quickly as possible Mrs. White sprang up, slipped on her dressing-gown, and went down to the dining-room.

There she found the gas blazing, the window wide open, and a basket of her own silver standing on the table. Her shouts of "Robbers! murder!" soon brought down Mr. White. But there were no robbers, for Kip had scared them off, and his shrill chirp was still ringing out from the closet, like a little steam-whistle blowing with all its might, although the track was cleared.

"We would have been murdered in our beds," said the lady, "all my old family plate, that was melted down out of Spanish dollars before the Revolution, would have been stolen from us if it had not been for Kiptown. Murder, robbery, reward—I have often seen them together in the newspapers. There has been no murder or robbery, thanks to Kip; he has watched better than all the police officers. How shall we reward him? We can't give him a liberal education, for we don't know chicken language. He has as much as he can eat and drink. Once a king in the good Book rewarded a man for a good turn by placing a royal crown on his head, dressing him in fine apparel, and sending him on horseback through the town. But no crown would suit our chickie as well as the tuft of feathers just growing on his head. We couldn't make any clothes fit him as well as his own. I will just write his history and tell how good and smart he is, that is all we can do for him. If anyone will print it, that will be one good thing; if anybody will read it, that will be another; and then they will know how very remarkable was this chicken, *Kiptown Fresh*.

C. C. C.

LETTER FROM JAPAN.

SHIDZNOOKA, Japan, *July 29th*, 1872.

Dear Little Francke:

I HOPE you did not get "blown up" on the 4th of July, or hurt in any way. It was a very strange kind of day here, for I had nobody to celebrate it with me. I had expected to have some fire-works, and was going to give an exhibition with some stereopticon pictures, but neither of them came in time. But at day-break, I raised my large flag and fired a salute of twenty shots, and some of my friends came to see me, dressed in their ceremonious Japanese costume, out of respect to the day.

As I could not have any other celebration I invited some Japanese musicians to come and give me a serenade. You must know that there is scarcely anything in the world that I miss so much out here as I do *music*. I think I would give a great deal, if I could ever hear you or little Lill play "just one" tune on the piano, or if I could go to church and hear the people sing. But I cannot know anything of such enjoyments for a long time to come, so I thought I would see what kind of a concert the Japs could give me.

They sent two very large boxes here in the afternoon, containing their instruments, and in the evening they came to the house in great ceremony, seeming to be well pleased at being invited to display their talents before a foreigner. There were eighteen of them, and for the most part they were old men, of what is called the "two-sworded" class. As music is considered a very "select" art in Japan, it is only practised by such persons as these, and poor folks and common people are not allowed to hear it; in fact, until recent years, music was entirely forbidden them. They told me that it was very rarely the case that they were able to bring together so much musical talent in Shidznooka, as on this occasion, whereupon I declared myself exceedingly fortunate, and said I anticipated quite a treat.

Having cleared the chairs and table out of my room, they squatted themselves down in a circle on the floor, and I took my seat on a rocking-chair in the midst of the group. They had a "programme" prepared, which included some of their best pieces; and, previous to their playing each, they gave a short history of it, and told the legend upon which it was founded. Their instruments were so curious looking, that you would scarcely have known what they were meant for. The largest two consisted of long boards of hard wood, shaped in a kind of curve, and colored dark, and having ten or twelve strings of silk, very strong and tightly stretched. Each string had its own little "bridge," made of a triangular shaped piece of ivory, and they were placed in a position similar to a "key-board." The man who played on the strings had his fingers armed with a heavy pair of brass thimbles, and with these he sounded one chord after another, quite slowly, and with great deliberation.

Another instrument, of which there were several, consisted of a small number of polished reeds of different lengths, and bound together at the bottom by a silver band. This little contrivance was to me the funniest of them all. When it was played, the man put his mouth to a hole near the bottom of the metal band, and held the bunch of reeds sticking up in front of his face, so that his head looked as though it were the top of a diminutive organ. He managed the various notes by placing his fingers over other little holes in the sides of the reeds. There were one or two kinds of fifes or flutes in the "band," and also a large bass-drum suspended in an elegantly carved circular frame, such as they use in all the temples here. A few other instruments completed the set, including a little keg-shaped drum, highly ornamented, and beaten with two thin sticks, by an old, half-blind man who had a clean-shaven head.

When all of these fellows began to play at once, it made a chaos of sound beyond description. It was like a chorus of wild animals suddenly let loose, and was on the whole such a ridiculous pretension at "music," that it was with difficulty that I could manage to keep a straight face before it all.

However, I tried to be as polite as possible under the circumstances. The first thing on the programme, my interpreter told me, was called "the angels;" but by the way in which it was performed, I should think it ought to have been called "the hobgoblins!" The second piece was named "the song of the gods," in which the ancient Chinese deities were represented as talking to each other. Some of these pieces had quite poetical names, and most of them were very antiquated, and founded on old Chinese legends; but they were all played in the same doleful strain, and you would not have been able to tell one from the other. There did not seem to be any "tune" about them, and now and then, when one or two of the old men tried to sing along with the instruments, it was in a very monotonous and undulating way. But I was very much amused at the whole performance, and was pleased also at having the chance of listening to what they regard as a high type of Chinese and Japanese music.

After this strange concert was all over, I presented my thanks to the "chief-musician," and then I ushered the whole company into my dining-room, where I had the longest table spread that I have ever had occasion to use here. It took some little management to get them all seated in safety, and then their astonishment at the strangeness of my supper-programme was fully as great as my own was at the novelty of their musical one. As each new dish made its appearance, it drew forth a profound sigh of satisfaction, and it seemed to be so deep that I could not tell whether it came from the heart or the stomach. They took of everything I gave them with great gusto, asking at the same time all kinds of questions of my interpreter. They especially wanted to know, as I passed each one of them some slices of pineapple, whether it was the kind of apple that grows on *pine trees!* They were very much pleased with the bread, because it seemed so white, and all of them put a few pieces in their sleeve-pockets, to show their appreciation of it. It is always a Japanese custom to carry home whatever they wish from the table, by putting it in their sleeves.

They all enjoyed themselves very much during the evening, and when they left they seemed to be in a very jolly frame of mind.

Some days after this curious concert, I had another visit from one of the musicians, who came with two other persons to see my collection of pictures. He brought along with him the most remarkable books I have yet seen in Japan, illustrating the *whale fishery* carried on near the coast of this province, in the neighborhood of Nagasaki. It would hardly be possible for me to give you an idea of the great number of pictures contained in these books, and of the curious manner which the people have of catching and killing the whales that approach their coast in considerable number every year. Several villages are engaged in the business, and they send out an enormous number of boats at once to attack the whale whenever he makes his appearance in the vicinity. They manage, somehow or other, to get a huge net around the whale, and then they throw formidable-looking harpoons into him, and pierce him to death with long lances. Whenever a whale has been fairly surrounded, he rarely, if ever, escapes. The pictures which I saw are very old, and they give an accurate representation of all parts and processes in the whale fishery, as it has been carried on there for several hundred years or more.

A little while ago I took a trip into the next province, called *To-do-mi*, which is situated about thirty miles south of here. The people there had found a large hill which had oil trickling down its sides, and they sent me some of it to examine. I found it was very good oil, and then they were very anxious to dig deep wells and get a great deal of it. So the *Daisanje* of the province sent to ask me if I would come and see the place and tell them what to do. There was also an officer of the Treasury Department here from Yedo at the time, and he invited me to go there with him.

Accordingly we started out together, at half-past four o'clock one morning, and tried to journey on as far as we could before the heat of the day came on. After going about twelve miles in *Gin-reka-shas* (man-power carriages) we turned off from the *To-kai-do* (high-road) and took *Kangoes*, which are carried on a pole suspended on men's shoulders. These are the strangest contrivances you ever saw, and you would laugh very much if you could see me in one of them. It makes one feel something like a monkey in a cage, to be trotted all over the country in a bamboo-basket concern, and having everybody stare at him as if he belonged to a travelling menagerie. However, I am as much accustomed to this kind of thing now as you are to riding in horse-cars, and it seems so natural for me to be carried about by naked Japs, that any other fashion would appear strange. We traveled until late in the afternoon in these *Kangoes*, stopping only now and then to rest our human horses and let them eat their rice.

Our route lay through the interior of the country where there were few roads, and we skirted along mostly through by-paths, and over the tops of ridges which were lined with huge pine trees. Now and then the view was quite picturesque, and it seemed not a little like a tropical climate. At one point the fields were covered with peasants setting out the young rice-plants; they all wore broad straw hats, and as I could only catch a glimpse of them through the thickets, and through the tall palm-like trees, they reminded me of some of the South American scenes which I used to have in my school geographies. The way they have of raising their rice is a little peculiar; they first select a small patch of ground, nicely tilled, and then they sow the rice there very thickly. Just as the plant gets about five or six inches high, they take it all up and tie it in little bundles. Then "all the folks," men and women, come out in the fields, and each one takes a few of these little bundles, and sticks one young rice stalk after another in long rows through all the fields, until the whole country is covered with them. Each patch of land is enclosed by small mud-banks a foot or so high, and all the rice fields are kept continually covered with water.

We crossed a good-sized river during the afternoon, the bed of which was nearly a mile wide. But in summer there is no great amount of water there, for it is confined to two narrow channels near the center of the wide and very rocky river-bed. The current is quite swift, however, and the only boat to carry us over consisted of an old flat scow pushed along with bamboo poles.

The country through which we were journeying seemed to abound in snakes, for we met many on the road. Sometimes they would cross our path right in front of the coolies, and once we encountered a big fellow about six feet long running himself on the narrow foot-bridge which we wanted to cross. He looked at us but would not budge an inch, until a coolie poked him with his stick, and then he moved slowly away as though his snakeship were insulted. The Japs don't seem to be much afraid of these snakes, even though their naked bodies could easily be bitten, and though they know the snakes are poisonous.

Just before reaching our place of destination we came in sight of the ocean, the roar of whose surf could be heard a long way off. We tumbled out of our *Kangoes*, and walked a couple of miles along the seashore, picking up shells and chasing the waves. Then we struck into the interior again, and soon arrived at the village whither we were going. We were received by the *Yaconims* of the village with considerable ceremony, and escorted to our hotel, which stood in a quiet and secluded spot.

As there was a little daylight left, and as we did not feel very tired, I thought we had better go immediately and see the "oil region." So after supper we started off again, and walked about two miles, till we came among the hills. These hills were quite peculiar, and were all flat on top, making them seem like small elevated table-lands covered with verdure. On one of the largest hills we found traces of oil which trickled down the sides, mixed with considerable water; at the foot of this hill the men had dug a great hole into its side, and had obtained more or less oil in this way. The hill was composed mainly of clay and loose gravel, and dark stains of oil were here and there to be seen.

On the other side of the same hill, and about half a mile distant, they had also dug two other holes much deeper than the first, and they were still working at them when we came there. The heavy rains which had fallen recently, however, had nearly filled them with water, and the men were passing it up to each other in buckets.

Of course all of these men were naked, and one of them I noticed particularly—he had the smoothest and darkest skin I have ever seen on a Jap. It looked exactly like fine bronze, and were he to be put on a platform in a museum, I am sure people would take him for a real bronze statue.

They had a curious fashion of trying to get at the oil, and I showed them that they would never obtain much in that way. I told them to put all of their work on one spot, and to sink a shaft just as deep as they could. For they have very long iron rods here with which they bore very deep wells, such as we call "Artesian" in our country. So I told them where to commence to bore, and what to do when the oil came, and they promised to do as I said. I showed them also a great many pictures of the oil regions in the United States, and how the oil was distilled and manufactured in a pure state, etc. They were very much pleased at the prospects of getting oil, and also at what I said about the coal, some pieces of which they showed me, and which had been found not very far off.

But the evening was getting late, so we started to return to the hotel, picking our way along down the little valley, and jumping now and then across the little rice-field ditches and embankments, for we could

find no path for some time. The darkness came on, however, before we got half way to the village, and it would have been difficult to know the way back, were not six men sent out with lanterns to meet us.

At the hotel I took a hot bath in a big tub, the fire being built *into* it in a copper oven, and then I went to bed, *i.e.*, went to the floor—being protected from the mosquitoes by a great net, and from the *rats* by having it well tucked under me. I gave direction for fresh *Kangocs* to come at four o'clock the next morning, for I decided to return to Shidznooka the following day.

They came at the appointed hour, and we started off. Early as it was, all of the *Yaconims* of the village and district came to meet us with gaily painted lanterns, in order to escort us with the best of their grace and ceremony to the end of the town. They thanked us in the most reverential manner for our short but distinguished visit to their out-of-the-way village, which to them was a great event; and when they came to the bridge which crossed the river at the edge of the town, they all squatted down in a line and bowed their heads to the ground, heaving such profound sighs at the same time, that it resembled a miniature typhoon. We crossed the bridge—which was new, and one of the best I have seen anywhere in Japan—and were soon journeying along the same route we had taken on the previous day.

Two of the provincial officers still accompanied us, however, and they kept up with us for nearly two miles, before their politeness and etiquette was satisfied enough to bid us "*Saionara*" and a good journey. We were now passing along the sea-shore again, and the early morning scene was perfectly enchanting. The gray mist still hung upon the face of the water, and the air was so peaceful and calm that scarcely a wave rippled the surface of the ocean. Soon the sun began to rise. At first only a little rim of light was to be seen slowly rising up from the Pacific, then it began to glow into a great dome of fire, and when at last the whole round orb was seen, it appeared to float in the mist like a fairy world.

That morning trip was one of the most romantic I ever had, and as I looked longingly across the wide blue waters, I kept thinking continually of "Little Francke" and sister Lill, who were so very far away, and I wondered if they ever thought much about

BROTHER ED.

PUZZLES.

SCRIPTURAL ENIGMA.

44 letters.

17, 23, 9, 39, 3, 11, a musical wind instrument known to the Jews.
19, 8, 29, 25, a religious observance.
33, 15, 39, 11, 18, 32, 3, 5, a species of bean much used in cooking in the East.
1, 3, 11, 30, 37, 39, 44, a village east of Jerusalem, on the road to Jericho.
22, 8, 25, 26, 34, 14, a measure.
43, 6, 39, 4, 10, 16, a vessel used in the service of the temple.
13, 39, 7, 34, 42, a town of Galilee noted as the residence of the witch whom Saul consulted on the eve of the battle in which he perished.
1, 41, 24, 44, 2, the name of a precious stone, of a green color.
40, 28, 42, 24, 26, an aromatic gum which exudes from a tree known in Arabia and Abyssinia.
14, 8, 39, 39, 31, miraculous food.
43, 20, 35, 38, 36, a measure derived from the length of the lower arm and supposed to be about eighteen inches.
8, 21, 37, 35, 31, 5, 36, 27, 42, a substance which in ancient times was manufactured into vases or boxes used to hold perfumes.
37, 29, 8, 12, 15, 32, brother of Joab distinguished for his swiftness in running.

The whole is a part of the Sermon on the Mount.

JANE ELLIOTT.

SYNCOPATIONS.

Syncopate part of a carriage, and leave a drink; a director, and leave a fodder trough; to deduce, and leave to compel; an enticer, and leave to mollify. LULU D.

AN ACROSTIC.

Who tested first the force of steam?
What lights o'er meads will brightly gleam?
Next, what transcends all else in speed?
What follows oft when lawyers plead?
What science treats of all the fishes?
What females filled with martial wishes?
What stars oft shoot by natural laws?
Who died while in discov'ry's cause?
What titled man a fruit will name?
What oil was used of feeble flame?
What is ambition's highest claim?
What our French name and our glory?
Lastly, De Foe's wondrous story?

The answers to the above questions give the name of a deceased poet. J. RHODES MAYO.

CROSSWORD FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

My first is in Latin, but not in Greek,
My second in whisper, but not in speak,
My third is in great, but not in small,
My fourth is in bat, but not in ball,
My fifth is in battle, but not in fight,
My sixth is in loose, but not in tight,
My seventh is in write, but not in read,
My eighth is in flower, but not in weed,
My ninth is in mound, but not in ditch,
My tenth is in pine, but not in pitch,
My eleventh in fish-line, but not in hook,
My whole is a very readable book.

NELLIE W. CLARKE.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES OF JULY 2.

Scriptural Acrostic.—
N ehemiah.
O no.
A braham.
D avid.
I srael.
A saph.
H ananiah.

BUNNY, WHEELBARROW, VIVO.

Enigma on English Authors.—"Real glory springs from the conquest of ourselves, and without that the conqueror is nought but the first slave."—BUNNY, WHEELBARROW, G. B. G., VIVO, FANNY D., M. S. R., LIDA MERRILL.

Word Puzzle.—No, now, yet, he, Bethel, elan, hela! la! an, and, her, here, ere, press, sand, my, lea, emblem, Lear, ear, Em, Lem, ems, so, Dee, deed, Ed, ha! hat, at, tar, tare, red, do, don, on, one, nein, the, heir, lime, me,—making forty-two.—BUNNY, WHEELBARROW, VIVO, ROY MAITLAND, E. D. RAYMOND.

Geographical Transpositions.—Atchison.—BUNNY.

Square Word for the Little Ones.—
P I E
I V Y
E Y E

BUNNY, WHEELBARROW, VIVO.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

SYDNEY SMITH.—In the newly published volume of *Monographs*, by Lord Houghton, there is, in one of said Mr. Sydney Smith, the following story of his fun in Yorkshire: "He willingly assisted his neighbors in their clerical duties, and an anecdote of one of these occasions is still current in the district, for the authenticity of which I will not vouch, but which seems to me good enough to be true. He dined with the incumbent on the preceding Saturday, and the evening passed in great hilarity, the squire, by name Kershaw, being conspicuous for his loud enjoyment of the stranger's jokes. 'I am very glad that I have amused you,' said Mr. Sydney Smith at parting, 'but you must not laugh at my sermon to-morrow.' 'I should hope I know the difference between being here or at church,' remarked the gentleman, with some sharpness. 'I am not so sure of that,' replied the visitor. 'I'll bet you a guinea on it,' said the squire. 'Take you,' replied the divine. The preacher ascended the steps of the pulpit apparently suffering from a severe cold, with his handkerchief to his face, and at once *sneezed* out the name 'Ker-shaw' several times in various intonations. This ingenious assumption of the readiness with which a man would recognize his own name in sounds imperceptible to the ears of others, proved accurate. The poor gentleman burst into a guffaw, to the scandal of the congregation; and the minister, after looking at him with stern reproach, proceeded with his discourse and won the bet."

HOW THE APACHES POP THE QUESTION.—Even those copper-colored cut-throats, the Apache Indians, have a touch of delicacy and romance in them. From a lecture delivered in San Francisco by Col. John C. Carmany, we take the following account of their courting customs: Every young girl is at liberty to refuse a suitor for her hand. The father, mother, and brother are prohibited from interfering in her choice. Her person is at her own disposal. After a brief courtship the lover makes a formal proposal by offering so many horses. Horses are a standard of value among Indians. As the squaw does all the work, horses are accepted as an equivalent for her labor. When a young warrior becomes enamored, he fastens his horse near the wigwam of the squaw whose hand he seeks, where he is left four days. If she fails to feed and water the horse during that time, the master is rejected; but if she accepts his offer she grooms and kindly cares for the horse, and then ties him to the wigwam of her lover, as much as to say, "I am willing to be your slave and do your work." At the marriage the sages and sachems meet together, and the bride is not unfrequently loaded with forty to fifty pounds of silver and copper trinkets.

AWKWARD.—The Edinburgh *Daily Review* records an amusing conversation which took place in the galleries of the Free Church Assembly lately: Young Lady—"There's old Dr. A—— going to speak. Isn't he a bore?" Old Lady (laughing)—"Well, I suppose he is; but do you know I rather like him?" Young Lady—"I can't bear him." Old Lady (after some time)—"Who is that nice old gentleman speaking?" Young Lady—"Ah! that's Mr. B—— of C——." Old Lady (hesitatingly)—"Don't you think he is—rather prosy?" Young Lady (indignantly)—"No, indeed, I do not. Allow me to inform you that that is my father." Old Lady—"Oh! indeed. Then I am glad I hit the mark so gently, because 'Old Dr. A——' is my husband. So I suppose we have both got a lesson, my dear, don't you think?"

A REMARKABLE SCENE.—There was an amusing scene on board the Louisiana mail boat the other day. There was the usual conglomeration of passengers in the cabin just before the boat landed; and amid the general hubbub of conversation a man remarked incidentally, "Now, in Jersey, where I live——" Instantly an old man, who had sat moodily and silently by the stove for some time, sprang to his feet and exclaimed: "Stranger, are you from New Jersey?" "Yes." "And willin' to acknowledge it?" "Yes, sir; proud on't." "Hurrah; give us your hand!" cried the old man, fairly dancing with exultation. "I'm from New Jersey, too, but never felt like declaring it afore. Shake! I'm an old man. I've traveled long and far. I've been in every city in the West—steamboated on the Ohio and Mississippi—been to Californy, over the plains, and around the Horn; took a voyage once to Liverpool; but in all my travels, hang me if this ain't the first time I ever heer'd a man acknowledge that he kum from New Jersey."—*Ex.*

IDIOTS IN CHURCH.—A clergyman was recently annoyed by people talking and giggling. He paused, looked at the disturber, and said: "I am always afraid to reprove those who misbehave, for this reason: Some years since, as I was preaching, a young man who sat before me was constantly laughing, talking, and making uncouth grimaces. I paused and administered a severe rebuke. After the close of the service a gentleman said to me: 'Sir, you have made a great mistake. That young man was an idiot.' Since that I have always been afraid to reprove those who misbehave themselves in chapel lest I should repeat that mistake and reprove another idiot." During the rest of the service there was good order.

—John, a fifteenth amendment, was arrested the other day for stealing chickens. He was very indignant when arrested, and loudly proclaimed his innocence. When brought before "his august majesty," he still reiterated the fact that he was wrongly accused. "And you deny having taken the chickens, John?" asked the magistrate. "Hi! boss, sartin. I neber tuk um." "But the officer says he found them in your possession." "Sah?" "You had them in your hands when arrested." "Ess, sah, boss; but I didn't stole um." "How did you come by them?" "I borrowed um." "The owner says not." "Well, you see, boss, he was asleep when I went to borrow dem chickens, an' I was gwine back the next day to tell him."

—A nice little bit of luck is reported in the St. Joe *Gazette*. A few days since, a lad named John Mosman, whose father was executed for desertion at Fort Leavenworth when Johnny was a baby, being hired by a farmer near St. Joe, went out one day for the cows. In digging for a piece of sassafras root he hit upon a kettle, and found that it contained money. He lugged his treasure home, and a count being made it was found that the kettle contained the neat little sum of $6,000, all in silver and gold. Johnny must be a sensible lad, for he has taken his money up to Omaha, proposing to educate himself with a part of it and to go into business with the remainder.

—It is related of a distinguished lawyer, who observed that his wife always delayed ten or twelve minutes before she came down to dinner, being loth to lose so much precious time daily, he commenced the composition of a work which he prosecuted only while he was thus kept waiting. The result was, at the end of fifteen years, a book in three volumes quarto, which has met with a large sale, and is much esteemed.

REASON AND RELIGION.*

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

. . . . . .

YOU will not be surprised, then, when I say, having proceeded thus far, that a religious life is one that implies, or demands, the highest elements of reason. I do not say that the highest exercise of reason is compatible with the state at which religion finds men in the beginning; but I do say that a system of religion which is true to God and nature is one that unfolds the reason more and more; that employs it, that appeals to it, that educates it. And among the different sects, the presumption is that those who unite the highest degree of purity and disinterestedness with the most eminent intellectual tendencies, are the most nearly orthodox—if God is orthodox. The reason is, as it were, God enthroned in the soul.

Not that reason is sufficient; but reason is much misapprehended. Its nature, its method, its operation are not understood. If I sit and think abstractly and purely, confining myself simply to the process of thought, I come short of knowledge. Reason alone cannot teach my affection to reason. Magnetized and colored by affection, reason becomes intuitive, and is almost a certain teacher. No man, by the reason alone, can understand music; but if the musical faculty be in the soul, and if it lend its color and influence to the reason, then the reason, acting in conjunction with the musical faculty, becomes a more perfect teacher. No man without conscience can spell out the truths of conscience by pure and simple reason; but when the moral faculty is joined to the intellectual, then the intellectual, struck through by the colors of the moral, becomes a true and just interpreter.

Men are afraid of reason, and they say: "Are we not in danger of running into error by relying upon our reason?" Yes, if you mean abstract reason, we may be in danger. Men say: "Reason leads to science, and science to materiality, and materiality to annihilation, and annihilation to pantheism, and pantheism to atheism." They say that we are to choose between reason and the individual and collective testimony of the Church; and that if we choose reason, we go away from religion toward materiality, and ultimately toward atheism. But I aver, on the other hand, that a true reason, acting with the affections, is constantly tracing its deductions up through our relations in life, and bringing them to bear upon our experience in religious affairs. Reason is a permanent blessing of God to the soul. Without it, there can be no large religion. Without it, religion is very little better than a superstition. With it, religion grows deeper, broader, richer, more unfailing. It emancipates man. It gives him the power of standing erect, no longer a crouching creature, no longer a worm; but a son of God, a prince.

The opposition that is made between faith and reason, I disown. By *faith*, I understand simply the belief in things not visible to the senses. It is a supersensuous reason. It is the action of the mind on things that do not present themselves to the outward senses—on moral qualities. No man ever saw heroism; but every man has seen persons acting under its inspiration. No man ever saw virtue; but every man knows there is such a thing. No man ever saw genius; but every man believes there are persons endowed with genius. There are various phenomena which cannot be seen, but whose effects can be seen when they are set in operation. There are many truths which are recognized, though they are neither material nor tangible nor visible.

In its most comprehensive definition, then, *faith* is the sense of truths or things which do not present themselves to the outward mind. The apostle says,

"Faith is the evidence of things not seen."

There you have it. Two thousand years before we were so witty or wise as to discover it, faith was declared to be "the evidence of things not seen." Faith is a belief of things which are not recognized by a man's eyes, ears, nose, mouth, or hand. In other words, moral qualities, spiritual existences, the higher realms of truth, we do not submit to the coarser analysis which belongs to materiality. And how men can say that faith is opposed to reason in such relations, I cannot understand. I have to use my reason for the sake of faith. No man can have faith who does not first have reason. If my priest says to me, "You must have faith so and so," I must think about it, and think about it, before I can have faith. What I take by faith my reason must interpret. Reason is indispensable to faith.

"Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord."

God, that made the eye, shall he not see? God, that made the ear, shall he not hear? And God that distinguished man by such enlargement of intelligence, the germs and glimpses which we see in the brute creation; God, that more widely enlarged the door of man's moral nature, and set reason to shining in the lighthouse on the sea of the passions, as a bright and morning star—shall he not accept reason? Does he fear it, or despise it? He encourages it. His commandments are so many appeals to reason. They are based upon it. Paul says,

"I beseech you, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service."

It *is* reasonable.

It may be that our reason cannot master all the facts connected with a truth; but we shall understand them better and more fully than if we had no reason. We shall continually meet things which we cannot explain or understand; but the general truth in religious life is this, that he who has the largest use of reason may be the best religious man. That is, there is no interpreter like reason. Reason tends to religiousness, and so to godliness, if it be rightly employed. It gives us right ideas, and keeps the great concave above full of hope and expectancy. It brings us into the liberty of obedience to great natural laws. It teaches us to subordinate our outward nature to our inward nature. It enfranchises the understanding, and brings daylight to the soul.

* From a Sermon entitled "The Temporal Advantages of Religion in No. 18, Vol. X., of *Plymouth Pulpit*, the weekly pamphlet issue of H. W. Beecher's sermons, published by J. B. FORD & Co., New York. Yearly price, $3. If taken with the *Christian Union* ($3), the two will be sent for $5.00 per annum.

Scientific and Sanitary.

SPHEROIDAL STATE OF LIQUIDS.

THE *spheroidal state* is the name given to a peculiar condition which is assumed by liquids when exposed to the action of very hot metals. If we take a smooth plate of iron or silver, and let fall a drop of water upon it, the drop will evaporate more rapidly as the temperature is increased up to a certain point. When the temperature of the plate exceeds this limit, which for water appears to be at about 150°, the drop assumes a spheroidal form, rolls about like a ball or spins on its axis, and frequently exhibits a beautiful rippling. While in this condition it evaporates much more slowly than when the plate was at a lower temperature. This latter circumstance is important, and is easily verified by experiment. If the plate be allowed to cool, a moment arrives when the globule of water flattens out and boils rapidly away with a hissing noise.

These phenomena have been long known, and were studied by Leidenfrost and Klafroth; but the subject has recently been more completely investigated by Boutigmy. All liquids are probably capable of assuming the spheroidal state. Among those which have been tested are alcohol, ether, liquid sulphurous acid, and liquid nitrous oxide. When in this state they do not boil. Sometimes bubbles of steam are seen to rise and burst at the top of the globule, but these are always owing to some roughness of the surface, which prevents the steam from escaping in any other way; when the surface is smooth no bubbles are observed. If the temperature of the liquid be measured by means of a thermometer with a very small bulb or a thermo-electric junction, it is always found to be below the boiling-point.

This latter property enables us to obtain some very striking and paradoxical results. The boiling-point of liquid sulphurous acid is 10° C., and that of liquid nitrous acid is about 70° C. If a silver or platinum crucible be heated to redness by a powerful lamp, and some liquid sulphurous acid be then poured into it, this latter assumes the spheroidal state, and drops of water let fall upon it are immediately frozen. Mercury can in like manner be frozen in a red hot crucible by employing liquid nitrous oxide in the spheroidal state. These experiments are due to Boutigmy, who called attention to them as remarkable exceptions to the usual tendency of bodies to equilibrium of temperature. The exception is of the same kind as that presented by a vessel of water boiling at a constant temperature of 100° over a hot fire, the heat received by the liquid being in both cases expended in producing evaporation.

The basis of the entire theory of liquids in the spheroidal state is the fact that the liquid and the metal plate do not come into contact. This fact can be proved by direct observation. The plate used must be quite smooth and accurately leveled. When the plate is heated, a little water is poured upon it and assumes the spheroidal state. By means of a fine platinum wire which passes into the globule, the liquid is kept at the center of the metal plate. It is then very easy, by placing a light behind the globule, to see distinctly the space between the liquid and the plate. The appearance thus presented may be easily thrown on a screen by means of the electric light. The interruption of contact can also be proved by connecting (through a galvanometer) one pole of a battery with the hot plate, while a wire from the other pole is dipped in the liquid. The current refuses to circulate if the liquid is in the spheroidal state, but is immediately established when, on cooling the plate, the liquid begins to boil. This separation is maintained by the rush of steam from the under-surface of the globule, which is also the cause of the peculiar movements above described. In consequence of the separation, heat can only pass to the globule by radiation, and hence its comparatively low temperature is accounted for.

For an account of other experiments illustrating the absence of contact between a liquid and a metal at a high temperature, we may refer the reader to Professor Everett's recent admirable translation of Deschanel's *Natural Philosophy*, to which we are indebted for the above facts.

GLASS SPINNING.

A RECENT number of the *Journal of Applied Science* gives an account of some modern improvements in the art of spinning glass. Brunfaut, a Viennese manufacturer, to whose perseverance and ingenuity we are indebted for the brilliant results here detailed, spins a thread of glass surpassing in fineness that spun by the silkworm, and almost as soft and elastic. He makes glass flock-wool wrappings for gouty patients, and the same material is used for filters by chemists. The threads are woven into textile fabrics, which are made into cushions, carpets, table-cloths, shawls, neckties, cuffs, collars, etc. As a material for fancy dresses, for tapestry, for covering furniture, for laces, embroidery and the like, the glass tissue will probably at some future time occupy a prominent place. In softness it almost equals silk, and to the touch it is like the finest wool or cotton. It possesses remarkable strength, and remains unchanged in light or warmth, nor is it altered by moisture or acids. Spots may be removed from it by washing. Being incombustible it is specially valuable for ladies' dresses. Clothes of this material are at once lighter and warmer than those of cotton or wool. A veil of glass fibers excludes dust remarkably well. The process of manufacture is as yet a secret.

THE ORIGIN OF PEARLS.

THE *Galaxy* says that Mr. Garner, of the Linnæan Society, is inclined to discredit the received opinion as to the origin of pearls, namely, that their formation is due to the self-protecting interest, or rather to the spontaneous action of the animal, coating with its nacre or mother-of-pearl any foreign substance which may have gained entrance between its shell and its soft mantle. That such is in some cases at least the cause of the pearly formation is an ascertained fact, long known to the Chinese, who drop grains of shot and the like between the opened valves of the pearl oyster, and in due course obtain them again, encrusted with nacre. They also introduce small metallic images of Buddha, which become in like manner encrusted. Linnæus, too, observed this curious fact, and received from the Swedish Government a large reward for the process of pearl-making based upon it. Another theory of the origin of pearls is that they are produced by eggs which have become abortive, and which remain lodged within the mollusk instead of being ejected into the sea.

In the face of all this, we should hesitate before accepting Mr. Garner's conclusions as of universal application. His opinion, which is confirmed by the independent researches of Signor Antonio Villa, is that the exciting cause of the pearl-formation in the pearl oyster is a minute parasite, a species of *distoma*, and in the fresh-water mussel a minute mite, *atax*, a sort of itch insect. On treating pearls with a dilute acid, Mr. Garner claims to have ascertained these facts. He proposes to turn his discovery to account by contaminating the water inhabited by the animals, and so producing an abnormal secretion of nacre.

Publishers' Department.

New York, July 23, 1873.

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WE call attention to the fact that we have now in New York a sufficient number of Oleographs to send them to everybody who is to have one. We are notifying our subscribers individually as fast as it can possibly be done, that we are ready to deliver this premium, and only wait to learn if they wish any change made in the style of mounting, or in the manner of delivery, in order that they may get it in the most satisfactory shape, and in the most convenient manner. We refer them to the tabulated statement in the next column, "THE PICTURE PREMIUMS, mounting and delivery," to see exactly to what the money already paid entitles them, and to see what changes may be made.

Now if those who are waiting for their Oleograph will please look at the table in the next column, and see if the money they have sent will cover what they want, and will then notify us, we will deliver their Oleographs *immediately* upon the receipt of their notification—making whatever changes they desire, and send the money for, or without making any change in case they are satisfied with what is already due them, in which latter case no more money need be sent.

We are not yet in position to announce complete delivery of the "Wide Awake" and "Fast Asleep" chromos, on account of the peculiar misfortunes of last winter's experience. But we expect to catch up very soon with this Pair also.

PLYMOUTH PULPIT

IS a weekly pamphlet, varying from 16 to 24 pages, containing, in clear type, on fine paper, Mr. T. J. ELLINWOOD'S verbatim phonographic reports of the Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER'S sermons in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. Each pamphlet contains one sermon of the week previous, together with the Prayers before and after the sermon (which were added at the earnest request of many), and indication of the Scripture Lesson read, and the hymns sung ("Plymouth Collection").

The CHRISTIAN UNION, with the regular Picture-Premiums ($3.00), and *Plymouth Pulpit*, with a portrait of Mr. Beecher, suitable for framing, to all who *ask* for it ($3.00), will be sent for one year for *Five Dollars* including, of course, the regular Picture-Premiums.

PAY NO MONEY

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* This style (*Wooden Stretcher*) *must* be sent by express. But, owing to a special arrangement we have made with the principal express companies, the expressage will be considerably less if *prepaid*. Therefore, the subscribers who have paid $3.65 will receive the picture *prepaid*, and that is what the extra 25 cents is for. The subscribers who have paid only $3.40 will have to pay the expressage (from 50 cents to $1.50, as the case may be), on delivery.

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